

JULIANIA;

OR,

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS.

Ch. 800/89.

12894 v. 3,
K JULIANIA;
1920112
O R,

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE HAPPY FAMILY AT EASON
HOUSE, &c.

—♦—
“To pour the fresh instruction o’er the mind.”

THOMPSON,

—♦—
LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. HURST, NO. 32, FATER-
NOSTER-ROW;

By J. Crowder, Warwick-square,

—♦—
1800.

THE NEW YORK

Harrell

TO THE



THOMAS

PRINTED FOR T. HODGE, NO. 12, NASSAU ST.

NEW YORK

1854

1854

JULIANIA;

O R,

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS.

CHAP. I.

“ In these green days,
“ Reviving sickness lifts her languid head,
“ Life flows afresh, and young-ey’d health exalts
“ The whole creation round.

THOMPSON.

MR. DAYNTON, after having spent the younger part of his life in the navy, retired on the death of his father to a small estate in Hampshire, which became his by that event; his wife had, like himself, seen enough of the world to be convinced it

B

did

did not contain all the happiness young people, at their first entrance into it, expect to find;

“ For them young life seems full of charms,

“ They dream secure in pleasure’s arms.”

But too soon they find their disappointment, and happy are those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Daynton, can make so good an use of it. At the time this history commences, they had four children; two boys; the eldest had, on leaving a public school, gone into the service his father had quitted, and had been abroad the last six years; the youngest, whose name was Henry, was nine years of age; Juliania, the heroine of my tale, just fifteen, and Ann two years older. The only uneasiness this amiable family felt, arose from the ill health of Juliania, and she was now recovering from a severe fit of illness — “ I am a great deal better, mama,” said she to her affectionate

affectionate mother, who as usual came to her bedside with kind enquiries after a child, to whom she was more tenderly attached by the resignation with which she bore her late confinement. "Do you think yourself so, my love?" returned she; "I am happy to hear it." "Oh, yes, Mama; and when Doctor Wilmot comes, I intend to ask him, if I may not walk a little way. Anne has been telling me of so many flowers that are just appearing, that I long to see them." "I should not have mentioned them to you, my dear Juliania," said her sister, "had I thought it would have made you impatient to get out before the proper time." "I am not impatient, my dear sister," replied the invalid, "I know you meant to give me pleasure; but only think how much more I should receive, were I able to see them;" her mother would have spoken, but she continued, "you do not think this complaining, Mama? I do not mean it as
B 2 such."

such." The answer she wished could not be refused, "no, my love," said Mrs. Daynton, "I will not suppose you have forgot the good resolution you have hitherto so well kept, nor will you make us unhappy by repining at what we cannot prevent. "I will rather hope," added she, "by your thinking of a walk with pleasure, that you soon will be able to take a little exercise." The tear, which trembled in her eye as she spoke, seemed to contradict the sentiments she uttered; but fearing her beloved child should perceive it, she turned from the bed, saying, "I leave you to the care of Anne, while I make your father's breakfast; Sally will make your's; after which you will perhaps be able to hear Henry repeat his lessons to me." Certainly, Mama, I shall be disappointed if you do not keep school in my room to-day," replied Juliania. Mrs. Daynton then joined her husband in the breakfast-parlour, who enquired for his daughter with great

great earnestness ; he rejoiced to hear she thought herself better ; and though they both feared their child's spirits were greater than her strength, each unwilling to give pain to the other, endeavoured to hope, that as the spring was advancing, she would recover her health. Henry entered the room as his mother was repeating Juliana's wish of taking a walk in the garden, that she might see the flowers, which were opening every day ; " dear girl," continued she, " when all nature is reviving, I hope she will also feel the cheering influence of the spring." The little boy listened with attention, but seemed in unusual haste to finish his breakfast ; and on his refusing more, his mama told him to prepare his books, as she should expect his attendance in his sister's room. This he willingly assented to, and on quitting the parlour ran eagerly to the garden, where he gathered the flowers that were most blown, and carried them

to Juliania's chamber. "I have brought you a present," said he, as he entered the room, before he saw how his sisters were employed. Anne was kneeling by the side of her sick charge, reading a prayer, in which she fervently joined; when they had concluded their devotions, Henry presented the flowers, with which Juliania was much pleased, and said, "I shall think it almost as well as seeing them in the garden, if my dear Henry will bring me a nosegay every morning;" that you may depend on," replied he, "but I shall not be sorry to lose my employment, for then you will be able to get them yourself." You are up early to-day, my love," said Mrs. Daynton, who now joined them; "not at all the worse for it, Mama," answered Juliania, "I am not so much fatigued by getting out of bed, as I was yesterday; won't my father come and see me, I am quite ready for him." "To be sure he will," answered her mother, "but you know he has not been used to visit you so early;

2 early;

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS.

early ; Anne will let him know you wish to see him." Mr. Daynton entered, followed by Henry, and congratulated his daughter on feeling herself so much better ; when noticing the flowers which stood by her, he asked, " from whence she had them ?" My good brother Henry brought them to me, papa," said she, " was it not kind of him ?" " It was very thoughtful," answered Mr. Daynton, " and I am glad to see my boy so attentive to his sister ; and when she is ill too, it is doubly pleasing." " I should not have thought of it," said Henry, " if I had not heard mama telling you how much Juliania wished for some flowers this morning ; now I shall gather some every day. We have made an agreement, that I am to bring her a nosegay every morning ; don't you think it a good one, papa ?" " Very much so," answered his father, " till your sister is able to gather them herself, which I hope is not far distant." He then smiling on his
his

his children, and affectionately kissing Juliania, left the room, promising to visit her again in the course of the day. Mrs. Daynton then heard Henry spell, and Anne took a landscape she was drawing to the table by her sister, hoping she might be amused by overlooking her performance. When Henry had wrote, his mother asked him some questions in geography; "tell me," said she, "the boundaries of Europe;" when seeing him hesitate, "I believe," added she, "your sister can tell, though it is some time since she has been able to attend any lesson." Juliania felt pleased she had not forgot, and readily answered, "the Frozen Sea to the North; Russia in Asia, the River Don, and the Black Sea to the East; the Mediterranean to the South; and to the West the Atlantic Ocean." His mother then asked him, "if he was not to blame, to forget what he had learnt only that morning; while Juliania, who had been so long ill, still

still remembered it." "Yes, mama," said Henry, "I own I am wrong; but you must recollect she is fifteen, and I only nine; however, ask me the next question, and hear if I don't answer right." "Tell me then, how many chief states does Europe contain?" "Sixteen," replied he, "six in the North, five in the middle, and five in the South." "Is that right, Juliania," said Mrs. Daynton, who wished as much as was then in her power to exercise her daughter's memory, without fatigue. Yes, mama, and I recollect the names of all," replied she, "shall I repeat them? The Northern states are Russia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and the British Isles;" "and to which does Iceland belong?" said her mother, "can you tell Henry?" "To Norway, mama," answered he, "and the middle ones are France, Germany, the Low Countries, Bohemia, and Hungary;" and with the assistance of his sister he recollected those
in

in the South were "Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey in Europe, and the Lesser Tartary." The principal islands of Europe," continued Juliana, "are Great Britain, Ireland, and Iceland, in the Atlantic Ocean; Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, Minorca, Majorca, Candia, and the Isles of the Archipelago, in the Mediteranean." "Quite right," answered Mrs. Daynton; "I congratulate you on your memory's being so good;" "And now, mama, look at my drawing," interrupted Anne, "I think I have succeeded better in this than in the last; what is your opinion, Juliana?" "I only wish I could draw as well," answered she, "but I am afraid I shall forget that and music too, through my long illness." "Do not think so," said her mother, "you will be able to entertain yourself with both when well enough;" "but no one else, mama," replied she, in a melancholy tone. "I shall always be delighted to hear you play, and see

“see your drawings,” returned Mrs. Daynton; “and remember, my love, neither these accomplishments, or the admiration of the world, are necessary to our happiness; and you will know more of what is desirable, because of greater advantage to the mind than these arts, which please only for a moment.” “It is to you, my dear mother, I owe every attainment,” said Juliana, “and I hope I shall always remember it.” Henry now read a part of the Abridgment of Natural History, which greatly amused his sister, and the rest of the day the whole family evinced their affection for her, in the readiness with which they complied with her every wish.

The next morning she was still better, and removed to a sitting room on the same floor, and Mrs. Daynton brought one of her young companions to her, “Here is Miss Mason come to see you,” said she, as she introduced her, “I shall leave you together,

gether, but do not talk too much my love," continued she, " your company will excuse you ;" " certainly," said Miss Mason, " I am come to talk to her," added she, as she seated herself, then taking her glass, which hung round her neck, she stared full in her face, saying, " I am glad to hear you are better, but I declare I should not know you, why you are as pale as ashes." Juliania, smiling at this remark, said, " You do not give me much encouragement to think myself so, but I really am considerably better, and they tell me I do not look near so ill as I did a little while ago ; but I wish to hear some news," added she, " tell me where you have been lately," for she well knew this young lady liked nothing so well as talking, particularly when the subject was herself. " O I have been to two balls," returned she, " in the last month, at the nabob's, your papa visits them, yet your sister was not there, how came that ? but I remember," continued she,

he, " they said it was because you was ill, that she did not come ; it was a pity, for you cannot think what delightful evenings they were." " Dear Anne ! I am sorry she could not go," interrupted Juliania, " and would you not like to have been there yourself ?" asked Miss Mason, " I should have enjoyed it, had I been well enough ; but when a person is ill, they do not think much of balls." " I declare you are quite a female Job," replied her visitor, laughing at her own wit, " I dare say you would have given any thing to be there, I question if you ever saw any supper so elegantly disposed in your life." — " I wish Anne could have partaken of the pleasure," said Juliania, with a sigh, " I did not even know she had been invited ;" " for my part," continued Miss Mason, " I don't see why she could not have gone, you certainly were not so very ill, or you would have been dead before this time ; and it is hard because one sister is ill,

C

another

another should be deprived of all pleasure." "Pray do not talk so Miss Mason," interrupted Anne, who had a minute before entered the room, "when sisters love each other as we do, it is impossible for one to enjoy a pleasure the other cannot partake of ; especially if illness prevents it. I am sure if our situations were changed, Juliana would not think of such a thing."—"Well," replied the unfeeling girl, blushing at this reproof, "I know nothing about it, I have no sister, and have never been ill ; but you cannot think what engaging girls the two Miss Belmonts are ; they dance delightfully, and play and sing in a capital stile ; and then they were drest so elegantly, I was quite charmed with them." "She chatted in this way, some time ; but finding the subject did not interest her auditors, she arose to take leave, saying, "Your mama desired I would not sit long, so I'll wish you good morning, and I hope you'll soon be better," added she,

she, as she skipped out of the room, while Anne attended her down stairs, much disgusted at her behaviour. When she returned, "I am much hurt," said Juliania, "that you should be deprived of amusement on my account; you did not tell me of the invitation, but that was your good-nature." "My dear girl," replied her sister, "it was at the time you were much worse than now, and I did not even think of it; besides, had we been both well, we might not have gone, for probably mama would have objected to it; remember what she has often told us, such pleasures generally end in more fatigue than satisfaction." "I do not regret it on my own account," said Juliania. "Then pray do not on mine," returned her sister, "for believe me," added she, as she affectionately kissed her pale cheek, "I had rather read to you, than partake of any amusement of that kind; Miss Mason is to be pitied, she can enjoy nothing else." "Very true," an-

swered Juliania, her face glowing with animation, "she does not know what it is to have an affectionate sister." "I will now read you a little piece of poetry I met with the other day," said Anne, willing to change the conversation, "it is the first hour of morning, by Mrs. Radcliffe."

"How sweet to wind the forest tangled shade,

"When early sun-beams from the eastern bound,

"Dawns on the sleeping twilight on the glade,

"And fades as morning spreads her blush around.

"When every infant flower that wept the night,

"Lifts its chill head soft glowing with a tear;

"Expands its tender blossom to the light,

"And gives its incense to the genial air.

"How fresh the breeze that wafts the rich perfume,

"And swells the melody of waking birds;

"The hum of bees beneath the verdant gloom,

"And woodman's song, and low of distant herds,

"Then

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS. 17

- “ Then doubtful gleams the mountain’s hoary
head,
“ Seen thro’ the parting foliage from afar ;
“ And farther still the ocean’s misty bed,
“ With flitting sails, that partial sun-beams
share.”

This she read with great pleasure both to herself and sister, but at the next verse she hesitated, and looked as if she wished it should be thought it ended there. “ Why do you stop, Anne ?” said Juliania, “ I know there is more of it ; and if I recollect right, it is respecting health, a blessing, which though I do not possess, I may not always be without.” Anne smiled and concluded the sonnet.

- “ But vain the sylvan shade—the breath of May,
“ The voice of music floating on the gale ;
“ And forms that breathe thro’ morning’s misty
veil,
“ If health no longer bid the heart be gay ;
“ Oh ! balmy hour ! ’tis thine her wealth to give,
“ Here spread her blush, and bid the parent live.”

CHAP. II.

“ To me be Nature’s volume broad display’d,
“ And to peruse its all-instructing page;
“ Or haply catching inspiration thence,
“ Some easy passage raptur’d to translate
“ My sole delight.”

THOMPSON.

WHEN her sister had finished reading the above piece, Juliania said, “ I fancy the person by whom this is supposed to be written, was anxious for the recovery of a parent, and that must be a great deal worse than being ill oneself.” Their farther conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Wilmot, the physician, who attended the invalid, and Mrs. Daynton, who rejoiced to hear him pronounce her beloved

loved child considerably better ; and he gave them hopes that her request of walking in the garden might soon be complied with. After conversing with his patient a few minutes, he departed, as he had many visits to pay, leaving them all in excellent spirits ; and Anne attended him to the door, with more than common pleasure, as he assured her, while going down stairs, “ her sister would soon dispense with his attendance.” When he was gone, Mr. Daynton brought a large folio book full of coloured prints, which he had borrowed of a neighbouring family for the amusement of his daughter. This he turned over leaf by leaf, and with great kindness read to her the account of each. Thus was her time fully employed till her dinner hour ; and when the family were gone to the dining parlour, she was attended by her favourite servant. “ How happy I am, my dear Sally,” said Juliania, in having such affectionate parents, they are always thinking

thinking of something to amuse me.”—

“ And I am sure Miss you deserve it,” returned the maid, “ for I never knew any body bear illness better than you do, and with so much patience. Ah! my dear young lady,” continued she, as she looked out of the window, “ how happy we shall all be, when you can walk in the garden ;” “ and that will not be long first,” answered our heroine, “ for Dr. Wilmot said as much this morning.” “ Did he indeed, Miss, oh! how glad I shall be,” said Sally, returning to the table, “ but will you give me leave to read a story to you, Miss, I do think you’ll like it, it is such a droll name, ‘ The fortunate Geese,’ did you ever hear of it?” Juliania answered in the negative; but unwilling to refuse the offer, which was meant as kind, she expressed great pleasure at the thought of hearing it; and Sally began as follows :

THE FORTUNATE GEESE.

There was an old man and woman lived by the side of a common, he was a wood-cutter by trade, and worked in a forest near their little cottage, from which employment, and selling a few geese which ran on the common, this old couple contrived to pick up a comfortable livelihood. A young girl lived with them, who was their grand-daughter; her mother had died when she was an infant, and her father, on his wife's death, went abroad, leaving this his only child to the care of his father-in-law, who was then very able to provide for her, as he kept a country shop, and till several unforeseen misfortunes happened to him, they were going on very well; but no sooner did they meet with one loss, than they suffered from another; their old friends deserted them, and in short, from one circumstance and the other, they were obliged

obliged to remove from the place they before lived in, and came and lived in the cottage I have before mentioned, determined to give up their former acquaintances, and if possible to forget they had ever seen better days. In their own society, and in the innocent prattle of Josephine (for that was their grand-daughter's name) they were happy, and to her they never mentioned their having been in a better situation; as for their son-in-law, they concluded he was either dead, or thought them so, and seldom spoke of him, except when the child would enquire, what was become of her father? They would then say, "he was gone into foreign parts, and she would never see him; but do not fret about that my dear child," added her grand-father, "you will never want a friend, while my dame or I are alive; and when we are gone, the good God, who has hitherto taken care of us, will protect you." Josephine was now sixteen,

teen, and as the old woman began to be very feeble, she assisted her greatly in the little business they had to do; and once a week she went to the neighbouring town to buy what necessaries were wanted. Their geese were now full grown, and Josephine proposed carrying them with her, to see if she could dispose of them; but this her grandmother objected to, as she did not like to give up her old employment, "I shall be able to go myself in a few days," said she; "besides, you will not know what to do; you have never sold any thing." "Do not fear," answered Josephine, "but what I shall make a good bargain; I know all about it. After waiting some time, the old woman still found herself unable to walk so far, and recollecting the time would soon be over for geese, she consented to Josephine's carrying them; and it was agreed she should take two of the largest the next morning. Our heroine went to bed quite delighted with the idea of her expedition;

expedition ; “ what shall I wear ? ” said she to herself ; “ I know all the market-girls dress very smart, so I’ll put on my best clothes ; besides, people will be more ready to buy of one, who looks a little decent ; and as soon as it was light she jumped out of bed, to take her Sunday’s finery from the drawer. “ I will not put it on though,” said she, “ till I have set the house in order, and done what I can for the old folks ; I wonder what they will do with themselves while I am gone ! ” It was a fine morning, and she sung with the lark, while she gathered a few sticks to light her fire, that her grandfather might have his breakfast comfortable before he went to work. The geese now began cackling under the window, and she felt a little uneasiness when she thought of what might be their fate ; “ before the evening,” said Josephine, “ they may be dead ; ” and she regretted she should not the next morning hear the noise they now made, a circumstance
other

other people would have rejoiced at; but long accustomed to their cry, she heard it as the voice of a friend, and indeed they had often proved themselves so; for when she happened to oversleep herself, they awoke her, and saved her many an angry word from her grandmother; the thought of parting with them made her for a minute or two even forget the finery she was going to put on; but when she was equipped, and looked in the little bit of a looking-glass, which hung against the wall, her spirits returned. It must be owned, if Josephine had any fault, it was vanity; for she was too conscious of her own beauty. In truth, she was a very pretty girl, and her dress, though that of a peasant, became her much; she wore a dark brown stuff jacket and petticoat cut very short, and a pair of blue worsted stockings, with thick stout shoes; her hair, which was very light, was tucked up under a round-eared cap, and taking her hat in her

D

hand,

hand, she tripped down stairs to join the old people at breakfast, quite satisfied with herself. "What," said her grandmother, "have you got your best clothes on, child? surely you are too fine to go to market; 'twas not so in my days; we went in our linsley-woolsley gowns." "Ah, my dear granny," answered Josephine, with a smile, "times are altered now, every body dresses better; most of the girls wear linen gowns, that I am sure must be their best clothes; so I thought I would put on the best I had." "Well," interrupted the old woman, "I wonder people don't think they are ladies instead of country folk; linen gowns, indeed! If I might advise, you should go in your common dress; in my opinion, you would stand a much better chance of selling the geese." "No, no," said her husband, who had been admiring Josephine while she spoke, "she shan't change her clothes; I am sure any body would like to buy of such a tight-looking lass."

lafs." "Nonsense, nonsense!" returned the old woman, while her eyes testified her approbation of what he said, "you'll make her think herself something when she is nothing." They then both advised her (being unknown among the people who attended on market-days) to offer the geese round the town, instead of taking a place among them. Josephine having finished her breakfast, tied on her hat, and giving each a kiss, hung the basket over her arm, and walked quickly away, while the old couple stood at the door, wishing her success; and when she was out of sight, they concluded there was not such another good-humoured, handsome girl in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Daynton's entrance now put a stop to the reading, and Sally closed the book with a promise of renewing the story some other time, as Juliania said "she should be sorry not to hear how the poor girl made out at market;" after conversing with

her mother some time, she again express'd her thanks for the kind attention she experienced from all the family, "you are all so good to me," said she, "I should be ungrateful to complain of confinement. I am greatly indebted, both to Dr. Wilmot and you, my dear Mama, for the care you have taken of me; I remember when I was very ill, you never left my bedside; ah how grateful I ought to be." "Our gratitude, replied her fond mother, is also due to that Almighty power, thro' whose assistance Dr. Wilmot was enabled to restore you to life, I may say, and this I hope you will never forget." "O no, Mama, you have often told me inattention to their duty is doubly wrong in those who have, like me, in a more peculiar manner experienced the bounty of providence." This interesting conversation was interrupted by Henry, who brought his sister an orange her father had sent. "I am oblig'd to him," said Juliana, "and so I am to you Henry, for

for you have afforded me some amusement." "Me!" answer'd he, "I have not been into your room, to day, except to bring your flowers, what do you mean?" "First," returned his sister, "I heard you singing after breakfast, and just before dinner I saw you skipping in the garden. I am pleased to find you so much improv'd; you out-do me now." "It will be but for a very little while though," said he with affection, "for you will soon recover what you have lost by your illness; I hope it will not be long before we shall skip together again; but do you know," continued the chattering boy, "what it was made me so aleft? it was because I was quite perfect in my Latin lesson this morning, and Papa said I had been a good boy;" "then I do not wonder," returned Juliania, "for when we have done well in one thing, we generally try to excell in others." "You shall see," answered Henry exultingly, "how well I will say my next lesson to

Mama; Monday is her day, and you will say I improve in every thing." "Hold, hold, Henry," said Mrs. Daynton, "be careful not to promise too much; would it not be better to surprize us with your improvement than to give us a chance of being disappointed?" "No, no, Mama," interrupted Henry, "you will not be disappointed, for you never expect much from me. I may say, like our new gardener, you have but a mean opinion of my abilities," added he, as he left the room with a good humour'd smile. "Don't you think Henry very clever of his age, Mama?" asked Juliania in a tone of enquiry; "yes my dear, he certainly is," replied her mother, "tho' like other children who learn so easily, he forgets it as soon;" but reading in her daughter's countenance this was scarcely doing him justice, she added, "he is a charming boy, and I am very proud of him," "so am I, Mama," replied Juliania, "and I love him dearly, he is so attentive

to me." Anne now joined the conversation, and when their mother had left them she read to her sister one of Sturm's reflections, translated from the German, a work justly admired. I know of no book I would sooner recommend to young people, than this; it exalts the mind, and excites sentiments, which I believe would be more felt, were not their taste in reading too frequently vitiated by an early perusal of novels, or works of imagination, rather than any other. Both the sisters were fond of poetry, but their mother seldom indulg'd them in reading it, as she consider'd if that partiality was encouraged they would lose much pleasure from other authors, and if before the judgment is form'd they were allow'd to read what they liked, it would be what ever offer'd, concluding it must be pretty if in verse.

C H A P. III.

" With all the virtues that adorn her train,
 " Religion comes, the clouded soul to chear;
 " Dispers the gloom, and lulls to rest each pain;
 " Forbids each sigh, and dries the falling
 tear."

SONNET TO RELIGION,

THE next day was Sunday, and Juliania
 rose with the pleasing expectation of seeing
 her friend, Miss Graham, who had been absent
 the last month, she had sent the preceding
 evening to enquire for her, and likewise
 an offer of visiting if she was well enough.
 The whole family were dressed for church,
 and it was now Anne's turn to stay with
 her sister, as during her illness, except
 when she was in extreme danger, her mo-
 ther,

ther, herself, or the maid, had regularly exchanged Sundays, and one remained with Juliania, while the others attended divine service. "Why should I keep any one at home, mama?" said she. "I am so much better, that perhaps I may be able to go to church with you next Sunday." "Not quite so soon as that, my love," returned Mrs. Daynton. "You may probably be alone then, but, at present, I think you had better let Anne stay with you; I shall be more satisfied to know some one is here, and Anne is doing her duty more properly by being with you, than, if she went to church, and, when there, thought more of the person left at home, than of the service she ought to join in." Juliania could no longer object, and, as the bell was ringing, her mother, after affectionately kissing her, left the house. Anne then read the psalms and lessons to her sister, and, as far as was in their power, performed the duty they were prevented attending to at church.

When

When the family returned, they brought with them Mrs. and Miss Graham; the latter was shown up stairs, and received with great pleasure by Juliania, whom she tenderly embraced, and congratulated on being out of her chamber. "I did not think I should find my dear Juliania in this room at my return," said she, "Nor perhaps in this world," replied her young friend. "I could scarcely hope it, indeed," answered the amiable girl, "and all your acquaintance thought so likewise. I hope I need not tell you," added she, "I am rejoiced our fears were unfounded. I am told you are wonderfully amended in the last fortnight. Have you lost the pain in your side? Do you sleep better?" "In both respects," answered Juliania, "I am considerably better. Dr. Wilmot says I must have patience; yet, when I see the Sun shine, and the garden looking so pleasant, as it does now, I cannot help wishing to be out of doors." "I dare say you do," replied her visitor,

visitor, "and I hope it will not be long before you return this visit at Belmont. Mama will send the carriage for you, any day, and though we cannot run about the house as we used to do, we shall not want amusement. When I returned from Bath," continued she, "do you know I thought our old mansion looked more desolate than ever, *there* are such handsome buildings." "I cannot tell how handsome they may be," interrupted Juliania, "but I must say, if you do not admire Belmont, you want taste, for every body is saying, what a noble building it is; and it looks so venerable, I assure you, when I get within the walls, I feel quite an awful respect for its inhabitants, and can hardly help fancying myself in the last century." "Upon my word," answered Miss Graham, "you pay us a great compliment, to suppose us old-fashion'd creatures, particularly when we have been to Bath too; by the bye I met with an Extract from the Pleasures of Memory,

Memory while I was there, which reminded me very much of Belmont; I think you will like it; I will leave it for you to read at your leisure; we have likewise brought a jar of tamarinds from thence, and mama means to send them here; she says they are very proper for you." "I am obliged to her," said Juliania, "but I cannot take them all." "I desire you would take as many as we send," replied Miss Graham, and say no more about it. Why, we should not have accepted them, had we not thought of you. Mama intends sending a few to a poor woman in our neighbourhood, who is unwell, but the rest you are to have." "You are very good to me," answered her sick friend; "but who is this poor woman you mention? Is she distress'd?" "She used to work for us," returned Miss Graham; "but I am afraid since her illness, though her husband has constant employment, he has not been able to procure even the necessities

necessaries of life for so large a family, as I heard mama's maid say, who has been to see them since our return, they would be thankful for any thing." "Do let me beg of you to give her this trifle," said Juliania, offering a shilling, which Miss Graham at first refused, saying, "I cannot take it indeed, it looks so like asking your charity for one you do not know, when I dare say there are poor enough in your own neighbourhood, that are equally distressed." "I have heard of no one who is ill at present," answered Juliania, "and I must think those who are, lay greater claims to the little I have to give; I have been ill myself, and ought to feel for those who cannot obtain all the comforts I possess." "I will not," returned her friend, "refuse doing, what from so amiable a motive you think right. I am sensible there is great pleasure in relieving the wants of others, and why should I wish to deprive you of that gratification?" Mrs. Daynton now entered the room with Mrs. Graham, who

E

expressed

expressed great pleasure, on observing Juliania's amended looks ; but, reminding her daughter that conversing too long might injure her companion, she ordered their carriage. " You will come often and see me, I hope," said Juliania, much flattered by their attention ; " Belmont is not too great a distance from Mayfield for you to walk, unless," added she, with a smile, " you are grown a fine lady by being at Bath." " It shall not be long before I convince you to the contrary," answered Miss Graham, as she bade her affectionately farewell, and followed her mother down stairs. " What a difference there is between my dear Miss Graham and Miss Mason," said Juliania to her sister. " I was more disgusted with the latter, the last time she was here than ever, though I think she always talks in the same way." " Her conversation," replied Anne, " is generally of herself, or the amusement she has lately been to ; and if we had enjoyed the same, perhaps it might not be so interesting ; but, as we

we could not enjoy the balls she talk'd of, it was no pleasure to hear so particular an account, especially when finding we did not regret it she chose to complain for us." Mrs. Daynton now again joined her daughters, bringing a book with her; "you are come to read to us, Mama?" said Juliania; "I am not sorry for it, as I begin to think my lungs require a little rest." This caused many anxious enquiries, from the fond parent, who feared her daughter had exerted herself too much, in talking to Miss Graham; "you should not my dear girl," said she, "let your spirits run away with you so." "O, Mama," interrupted Juliania, "I was so glad to see my old friend that I could not help talking to her, and indeed I am not the worse for it. What I said was nothing; by the time you have finish'd the sermon, I shall be as well as ever." Her mother sigh'd and did as she desired. In the afternoon, Juliania had the company of her father and Henry; which she enjoyed very much; to the former, she

could not help repeating the contrast of Miss Mason and Miss Graham, and would again have over talk'd herself, had not Mr. Daynton interrupted her. "You prefer the conversation of Miss Graham," said he, "yet both endeavoured to amuse, though she only succeeded; but do you not suppose, if that young lady had been at the grand Balls, Miss Mason thought your absence from such a misfortune, she would have mentioned it as well as the other?" "Very likely, Papa, but not in so ill-natured a way, as if she wished to exult over us, and make us dissatisfied we were not there." "Why should you think that was her motive? is not this a little ill-natured in you?" replied Mr. Daynton; "I grant you Miss Mason has not the sensibility of your favorite, who will I know listen to your tale of symptoms, and adapt her conversation to the disposition you are in, but all have not the same delicate regard to the feelings of others."

"I acknowledge we were wrong," said

Anne,

Anne, "in so decidedly stiling Miss Mason ill-natur'd, but this I must say, if she meant to entertain, it had quite the contrary effect, for she told my sister she look'd as pale as ashes, and that if she had really been so ill, as was said, she must have been dead before this time." Juliania only smil'd and own'd such an observation could not give her uneasiness; when thanking her father for the interest he took in her pleasure, she went to her chamber, where Anne concluded the evening, by reading part of their favorite Sturm.—When in bed, Juliania had the satisfaction of reflecting on a well spent day; she had, as far as was in her power, perform'd those duties which more particularly belong to the day, nor did (as many young people, confin'd like her are inclin'd to do,) rejoice that Sunday was over.—The next morning Henry brought the flowers with his books, saying "now, sister, you shall hear my improvement; no puzzling to-day; I shall not allow you to tell me any thing," "that you know yourself,"

said his mother, "but let us hear what that is; where is your lesson to-day?" "Asia, Mama," answer'd Henry. "It is divided into North and South;" "and which are the principal Islands," asked Mrs. Daynton? "tell me those first?" "In the Mediterranean are Cyprus, Rhodes, Palmosa, Sihio, and Metleine, subject to the Turkish Empire. And the most considerable in the Ocean, are those going from West to East, and called the Maldivé Islands, with the Isle of Ceylon, rich and fruitful." "Very rich indeed," said Mrs. Daynton. "I can say more than that," answered he, looking proudly at his sister, who join'd, in his praise;" besides some in the gulph of Bengal, there are those of the Sund, amongst which is Sumatra, one of the largest belonging to Asia. It is governed by several petty kings, and on this island the Dutch have built many forts; the others are Banca, Java, and Bornea. In Java are the towns of Bantam and Batavia, belonging to the Dutch East India Company; and the Molucco Isles, from
v hence

whence they get their spices. Those call'd the Manilla Islands, and the new Philippines, belong to the Spaniards; the isles of Japan are also very considerable for their trade, the largest of them is called Nippon." "You have remember'd them very perfectly," said his Mama; "and your next lesson is the account of Asia itself, and I hope you will be as perfect in that." "I will not boast," returned Henry; "we shall see when the time comes." "I am much pleas'd with you now," continued his mother, "but shall be still more so, if you can repeat a little of the last lesson, for I should be sorry my good boy should forget one quarter of the globe, while he is so completely learning another. Henry recollected sufficient to keep up the excellent character he had that morning gain'd; before he had finish'd all his tasks Doctor Wilmot came in attended by Anne, and on finding his patient still better, he told her, as the day was very fine, he would allow her to take a little walk.

“ You may,” said he, “ as it is so much your wish, visit the summer-house at the bottom of the garden.” Juliania was delighted beyond expression at this permission. She had not thought of gaining it so soon, and knew not how to thank him enough ; but the good man checked her joy, by reminding her she was not equal to talking and walking likewise. “ Then pray, my dear Anne,” said Juliania, “ call Papa immediately. He said he would accompany me in my first walk, and if I do not go directly, I shall not be able to keep from talking of it. Where is my shawl and my bonnet, Mama ?” Her mother felt her impatience was natural, yet begged her to beware of too much exertion, as she took the things she asked for from the drawers, in which they had laid many months. When Mr. Daynton entered, and congratulated his daughter on the liberty granted her, Dr. Wilmot, with an air of gravity unusual to him, interrupted her expressions of pleasure, by saying, “ I do not know whether

whether I shall not now recall the grant I have given, for I fear the young lady is not so well able to bear pleasure as pain. I have had no reason to complain of her hitherto, and I should be sorry what I intended for her benefit should have a contrary effect." "I understand you, my good Sir," said Mr. Daynton, "and I will keep her within due bounds." "With that promise," replied he, "and one from my young friend, that she will attend to your advice, I shall leave you with satisfaction." "I will indeed, Sir," answered Juliania, with emotion, "and I am very much obliged to you for your thoughtful care of me." Dr. Wilmot then took his leave, and Juliania, leaning on her father's arm and attended by her mother and sister, descended to the garden, with Henry tripping merrily on before; all were truly rejoiced to see the beloved girl once more out of doors; and, when seated in the summer-house, there could not be a more enviable party. "When I was last here,"

here," said Juliania, "it was the middle of winter, and it is now almost June: how much the scene is altered! One advantage, I am sure, I have from my confinement; I am more sensible of the change than those who have observed the gradual progress of all these beauties. What a charming prospect!" "I am grateful to Providence," said Mrs. Daynton, "that you are once more allowed to behold it, my beloved child. May the impression never be erased from your mind! Something pleasing may be extracted from almost every evil." Juliania, by an affectionate look, shewed she was not insensible of her mother's love. Mr. Daynton perceiving them both silent, and fearing his daughter's feelings should be too much agitated, he endeavoured to change the conversation, by observing, "It must have been in such a day as this, in which Thompson so sweetly describes the beauties of nature."

C H A P. IV.

“ Meantime the tale goes round.”

JULIANIA returned from her walk a little fatigued, but her spirits were too good, and the pleasure she felt so great, that she would not allow it even to Sally, who on their return immediately brought her young lady's dinner, thinking exercise must have made her very hungry. “ How did you like your walk, Miss?” said she; “ I quite enjoyed it for you.” “ Not more than I did myself,” returned Juliania, “ after being within doors so long. The air is delightful. When we left the summer-house, we walked quite round the garden, and I was surprised to see how every thing is grown: the filbert-trees especially.” “ Ah, so they are, Miss,” said the maid, “ but I fear you are tired; pray eat your dinner; it will do you ten times

times more good, now you have had a little exercise." "I am not at all tired," answered Juliana, "but, as you have brought me this nice veal, I'll show you what an appetite I have gained by my walk; and now we are alone I should like to hear a little more of the story you were reading to me the other day. Will you go on with it?" "certainly, Miss, if you wish it," said Sally taking the book, "I believe I left off as as she was setting off for market." She then read as follows.

CONTINUATION OF THE FORTUNATE
GEESE.

Josephine walk'd on very fast, her mind all the way on the figure she should make in the town, and she took care to pick the cleanest road that she might not get a speck of dirt upon her clothes. "Shall I," said she to herself, "knock at every door? or ask those I meet if they want to buy a goose? I'll do both," continued she, after a little

a little consideration; "how should any one know I have geese in my basket if I don't? No, no, I won't lose a good customer for want of asking." As she drew near the town she met several ladies, "these," thought Josephine, "look as if they would deal with me, I'll ask them," and dropping a low curtsy, she said "d'ye please to want a goose, ladies?" "A goose," exclaimed one of them, what does the girl mean?" "They are very good, madam," said Josephine, "and have been very well fed," and she opened her basket that the lady might satisfy herself, who answered with what she thought a great deal of smartness, "no child, we do not want a goose to carry home in our pockets." This stroke of wit made the whole party laugh, the geese hissed, and Josephine flunk away quite abash'd at the mistake she had made. "I wonder what made them laugh so," said she to herself, as she walked hastily on, "it is very odd; I am sure I said nothing but what was told

me to say, and as for carrying it home, to be sure I should have done that for them." She soon got into the town, and at the first house where the chimneys looked big enough to roast a goose, she knock'd at the door, for that was the instruction her grandfather had given her, so that Josephine's eyes were directed rather to the tops of the houses than to their fronts; she asked the servant who open'd it "if he wanted a goose?" And after enquiring the price he went into the parlour; "now," thought she, "I shall get rid of some of my burden," but alas! she was again disappointed, the man returned and said they did not want any, "besides," added he, "my mistress thinks them too dear." "They are very fat and heavy, Sir," answered Josephine, displaying them to view, "I dare say they are," returned the man with a smile; "I know I should not like to have such a great basket to carry through the streets," said he, as he shut the door in her face. Poor Josephine

phine passed on with a dejected countenance and began to think going to market not quite so pleasant as she expected, for though she offer'd her bargains at every door, she could not dispose of one. She walked the streets till she was quite tired, and was very near putting the geese out of the basket, to run where they lik'd, when she observed an elderly gentleman, regarding her with attention, and she determined to make another trial, "Pray Sir," said she with a respectful curtsy, "buy a goose of me." "Buy a goose?" replied he, "suppose I don't want one." But he looked good humouredly in her face which brightened as she saw him smile, and she answered with a curtsy still lower, "Monday is Michelmas day, Sir, sure you'll have a goose then? Unless", added she, sighing as she spoke, "you have bought one already." The Gentleman was struck with the simplicity of her manners, and felt himself quite interested for the poor girl. "Where d'ye come from?" enquired

he, "from the side of the common, Sir," replied Josephine; "I live there with my grandfather, and grandmother, Sir; these geese," added she once more opening the basket, "have all been brought up there," "and very well educated I dare say," returned the gentleman with a good natured smile. "Sir?" Said Josephine. "Well, come with me," continued he, "and I'll make interest for you to sell one, if you say it is right to have a goose on Michaelmas day." "Oh dear, yes, Sir," answered she, in a livelier tone, "every body does, 'tis quite an old custom." "But what will be the consequence if I don't?" asked the stranger, as he walk'd by the side of Josephine to his own house;" did you never hear, Sir, of wanting money all the year afterwards? said she. "Ah that would be a shocking case indeed," returned the gentleman, "It was a lucky thing I met with you." "It was a very lucky thing for me, Sir," replied the grateful girl. They soon reached a handsome house, and

and Josephine on looking at the chimneys belonging to it, concluded the inhabitants could dress two geese at a time if they lik'd, and congratulated herself on the fair prospect she now had of selling both. The gentleman told her to wait in the passage, while he entered the parlour, and related to his wife the adventure he had met with.

"I really am so pleased with the artlessness of the girl," said he, "that you must buy a goose of her, and she tells me too it is absolutely necessary to have a goose on Michaelmas day;" this idea pleased the lady, and she said to another who was sitting with her, "I should like to see this prodigy Mr. Spencer talks of, if you will excuse it, she shall come into this room, she may entertain us;" her visitor assented, and Josephine was introduced, with many curtsies, and a face covered with blushes. She advanced to the middle of the room; "you are but a young market-woman, I fancy," said Mrs. Spencer; "no my Lady," answer'd the simple girl, as when she ven-

tured to raise her eyes from the carpet, and observed the handsome furniture of the room, she could not suppose the owner of it less than a Lord. "No, my Lady, I have never been to town before, except to buy a few things at the first shop you comes to in our road, but I begs pardon, I should not talk so much," continued she, "I ought to know my place better." "Have you sold many geese?" enquired the gentleman, who was better pleased she should talk than be silent. "No, Sir," she replied, "I went to a great many houses too, but nobody wanted one, I don't know how it was." "That was odd," observed Mr. Spencer, "particularly as Michaelmas is so near, but perhaps they are not very good?" "Indeed, Sir," returned Josephine, "they are very fine geese, you would not meet with better any where, won't you be better pleased to have one, my lady?" added she turning to his wife. The poor girl spoke in so supplicating a tone, that Mrs. Spencer could not refuse, and telling her to leave

leave one, she took out her purse to pay for it, this again attracted Josephine's attention, who had never seen so much money before, and sav'd her from betraying her ignorance still farther, for she was going to take the geese out of the basket, in the parlour, that the lady might have her choice, had not the sight of these immense riches, put a stop to every thing else out of her head. Mr. Spencer now rang the bell, and ordered the footman who answered it, to take the girl into the kitchen; "and give her something to eat," said he, "for I dare say she is both tired and hungry." "Thank ye, Sir," replied Josephine, "I cannot say but what I am, I am sure I am very much beholden to you," and with another curtsy she was leaving the room, when the other lady, who had been a silent spectator of this scene, calling her back, "told her, she would have the other goose, if she would follow her home with it," "O that I will, Ma'am," answered the delighted girl, "and thank you a thousand times."

times." She then followed the Footman into the kitchen, where he called the Cook to take the goose from her; "and you are to give her some victuals," said he; "I sha'n't indeed, I have other things to do," answered the woman, who appeared in a great bustle and seemed so cross, that Josephine trembled to look at her. "I don't want any thing," said she, in a soft voice, "I am to stay here only till the lady is ready." "What does the girl say?" asked the cook, as she turn'd the goose about in her hand, "where did ye bring this thing from?" Josephine again told the history of their birth, parentage, and education, and then ventured to sit down, when the footman finding she was not likely to get any thing to eat, unless from him, brought the bread and cheese, and bade her help herself. "You are a good pretty girl," said he, "it is a pity you should be buried on the side of a common." "I don't know what you mean, Sir," answered Josephine, "I runs about
a great

a great deal, and when I am dead I dare say I shall be buried in the Church-yard. This mistake set the whole kitchen in an uproar, and two or three men coming in at the time, they amused themselves by making remarks on her face; their conversation added to her confusion, for though she had often thought herself handsome, she had never heard so much of it before, and far from raising her vanity poor Josephine was never so distressed in her life, and she rejoiced when she was called for to attend the lady, who after paying for her purchase told her, "if she came again to town with poultry she should not forget to call there." This the grateful girl readily promised, and returned home full of the adventures of the day, of which she gave a long account to the old people, who had been forming an hundred conjectures respecting her, sometimes blaming themselves for letting her go, and at others fancying what great good luck so clever a girl must meet with they; were delighted to

to see her again, and highly pleased with the good gentleman she told them of, but when she repeated part of the footman's discourse, the old woman shook her head, and her grandfather told her not to "mind what such idle fellows said."

Mrs. Daynton's entrance put a stop to the reading, for that afternoon, and Sally, shutting the book, said, "I hope you like the story as well you did before, Miss." "Yes, I shall like to hear the finishing of it," answered Juliana, "and yet I shall be sorry when it is over: but I cannot think how it ends." Her mother now enquired how she felt after her walk, and with pleasure heard she was the better for it. Before tea-time, Juliana received a visit from an old servant of the family, who was married, and lived at some distance; "But hearing my dear Miss Juliana was recovering, I could not forbear walking over to see you," said she. "I hope my mistress will not think me troublesome."

"That

“ That I am sure she will not, my dear Nanny,” returned Juliania, “ and I am very much obliged to you ; come sit down,” pointing to a chair next herself, “ and tell me all about your family.” “ You are the same as ever, my dear Miss,” said the woman, as she affectionately pressed her hand. “ Ah, this is the room,” added she, looking round it, “ in which you and I, and Miss Anne, used to have many a nice game at play. I remember the time, as well as if it was but yesterday ; and how kind you were, when a little girl, in begging your Mama to forgive me for breaking a looking-glass, which stood on that very table. Dear good little soul, you said to me, ‘ My dear Nanny, if it was not telling a story, I’d tell Mama I broke it myself, but I must not do that ; however she sha’nt be angry with you.’ I loved you then, Miss, and so I do now.” “ Thank you,” said Juliania, in a softened tone ; “ believe me, I have a great regard for you ; you were always kind to

me. How often have I wished to see you, during my illness, though yourself could not be more attentive to me than Sally has. You know," continued she, "she took your place, and I think is likely to stay as long." "I hope my dear young lady will not love her better than me," returned the affectionate woman. "That I can never do," replied Juliania; "you nursed me, when a little baby; can I ever forget that? But let us talk of your children: how many have you?" "Only three, Miss; two little girls and a boy: my eldest, Nancy, is almost five years old, and begins to be very handy about the house. I left her at home to take care of her brother and sister. 'Tis true, I asked one of the neighbours to look in upon them, and my husband will be at home at night." Anne presently entered and welcomed their old friend; and Henry no sooner heard she was there, than he begged to join the party: the good woman, taking him in her lap, almost devoured him with kisses. "You
are

are grown so, Master Henry," said she, "I should hardly have known you." "Yes," answered he, smiling, "I am too big to be in your lap now, Nanny; let me sit next you; I shall tire you." "I hope, my dear child, you are not affronted;" returned the poor woman; "I remember the time when you would sit no where else." "No, indeed, I am not affronted," answered Henry, "but I am heavier than I was then, and I consider the long walk you have had to-day." They now conversed on former times, and the good creature felt herself so happy, at being again with her children, as she called them, that, had not Mrs. Daynton come and reminded the girls, Mrs. Wakefield must want something to eat, Juliania would have kept her there till bed-time. Henry attended her to the kitchen, for though he thought himself too much of a man to sit in her lap, he was so glad to see her that he did not like to lose any of her company. "How pleasant it is, Mama," said Anne, "to

meet with one we have formerly spent so much time with: Mrs. Wakefield reminds us of so many happy hours." "We were happier, as children, than we shall ever be again," interrupted Juliania: "don't you think so, Mama?" "Our pleasures are not always the same," answered Mrs. Daynton, "and perhaps at an earlier age we enjoy them more forcibly, as children can have no cares to damp their joy; when older, they arise from memory, and we enjoy the past rather than the present:

" 'Tis man, alone, that joy descries

" With forward or averted eyes."

Yet man, I think, is more inclined to *fear* the future than expect happiness from it, for experience teaches us, that it is not to be found, and therefore past pleasures he can alone recur to with satisfaction." "What you say of memory, Mama," said Juliania, "reminds me of a piece of poetry Miss Graham read to me yesterday, from the Pleasures of Memory, a very pretty

pretty work, and quite appropriate to our conversation. Miss Graham told me it reminded her of Belmont," added Juliania.

CHAP. V.

"A motive fair to learning's imps *she* gave."

SHENSTONE'S SCHOOL MISTRESS

THE next day their humble friend departed, receiving a variety of presents from the young folk, for which she was very grateful, though she feared to encroach on Master Henry's goodness by taking all he sent. Mrs. Daynton gave her something more valuable than toys for her children, and she left the house, thanking the whole family. Their father also went out for some days, and Henry was left entirely under his mother's care; "I shall be very forward

in geography," said he, "by the time Papa comes home," bringing his books into his sister's room; "and I must say," added he, "I like Mama's lessons better than his; Latin is rather crabbed at present; I am to finish Asia this morning, and here comes Mama." "I am glad to find you in such good spirits", said Mrs. Daynton, "it promises well; "tell me," continued she, "the Northern parts of Asia?" "Turkey in Asia," answered Henry, "in itself contains four great provinces, Natolia, Souria, Turcomania, and Diarbeck; Georgia, a country divided into several small territories between the Black and Caspian Seas; Siberia, divided into East and West; and the Great Tartary, which takes up the largest part of North Asia, and is inhabited by several sorts of Tartars; it is above 1200 leagues long." "You are an excellent boy," said his mother; "I shall have it in my power to speak much in your praise when your father returns. Now, what does South Asia

Asia contain?" "Arabia," continued he, "a great peninsula, divided into three parts, the Stony, the Desert, and the Happy; Persia, generally separated into twelve provinces; and Mogul, containing nineteen; India on this side of the Ganges, and India beyond it; China, one of the best governed empires of all Asia, parted into sixteen provinces, eight to the North and eight to the South of the river Chian, by which river China is almost equally divided; several islands and the peninsula of Corea, a considerable kingdom tributary to China." "You have had a short lesson to-day," said Mrs. Daynton, "but you are very perfect, and I shall give you a very good character when your father comes back." Henry was quite elated by his mother's praise, as he feared his attendance upon Mrs. Wakefield had made him forget his lesson. "I shall soon have learnt the ground-work of geography, Mama," said he, "am I to go through it again?" "Certainly," replied Mrs. Daynton,

ton, "and perhaps more than once, as I do not so much wish you to get forward, as to be thoroughly acquainted with what you learn; but go and play in the garden, and enjoy yourself." "I am sorry," said Juliania, with a sigh of discontent, "the weather is not fine enough for me to go too; when I go out it must be the brightest day that can be, and this so seldom happens." Anne stopped her complaint of the weather by offering to read; and in attending to her, Juliania presently forgot the trifling vexation it occasioned. In the afternoon Sally continued the story of Josephine, beginning at her return from market.

CONTINUATION OF THE FORTUNATE
GEESE.

Josephine talked all the next day of what she had seen, how much money the lady had, what beautiful furniture was in the room, and her grandmother was never tired of hearing the description she gave.

"Ah!"

“ Ah !” said the old woman, “ I remember in my youth to have seen such rooms, and finer ones than these, for some of them were hung with tapestry, as they called it, all needle work ;” “ Dear granny do tell me about it,” interrupted Josephine, eagerly, “ where could you have seen such fine places, I thought you never lived any where but here.” “ Yes, yes, my dear child,” answered she, shaking her head, “ we did live in a much better place than this ; your grandfather kept a shop once, and when your mother married, we were very well to do in the world ;” she then related to the attentive Josephine, the various misfortunes they had met with ; “ but do not,” continued she, “ on any account, let your grandfather know I mentioned it ; it always vexes him to hear of former days, and he charged me not to tell you any thing about it ;” and why not ?” asked Josephine, “ it would not make me uncomfortable ; I never knew what it was to be better off than I am now, but for you and
my

my poor grandfather, to be brought so low, and when you are old too, ah! I am sorry for that." "Perhaps," returned the old woman, "we are happier in this house, than if we had remained in the shop;" "I suppose," added Josephine, "it was that shop which made my grandfather write and read so well; do you know I have often wondered at his learning, for there's old Goodman Andrews can do neither, so he could not teach his girls as my grandfather did me; and when they buys a ballad they always bring it to me to read to them; but suppose," added she, her face brightening at the idea, "my father should not be dead, and if he should come home with as many guineas in his purse as that lady had, then he would make you happy in your old age." "No, no," said her grandmother, "sixteen years is a long time to be away; and he will never seek to find us out, now we have left the place we lived in."—" 'Twas a pity you did that," replied the affectionate girl, "for if my father should
4 return,

return, he will not know where we are.”
“ My dear child,” answered the old woman, “ talk no more of it, there is no reason to think he’ll ever come home; go to your work.” Though Josephine was forbidden to speak of what she had heard, she often indulged a hope, that one day or other, these her only friends, might be in better circumstances; and for a whole week after her grandmother had told her of the change in their fortune, when the business of the day was finished, she would run to the road-side, where she would sit for hours, expecting to see a fine coach driving furiously along, in which would be her father, attended by a numerous train of servants, who would of every person they met, enquire for Mr. and Mrs. Betters, which was the name of her grandfather. These dreams of fancy she never found realized, yet she repaired to her usual station several evenings; and it was some time before her imagination lost those pleasing hopes which she had gathered from a
few

few fairy tales, and stories of that sort; for such had been her chief study, as she seldom had an opportunity of reading other books. At length her grandfather became ill, and she thought no more of her father or herself; her whole time was devoted to the poor old man, and she paid him the most grateful attention. Instead of better he every day grew worse, and his afflicted wife got one of Goodman Andrews' girls to run to town for the doctor, as Josephine never left his bedside a moment. When they thought him a little better, the old woman would now and then lie down on the affectionate girl's pallet, who could not be prevailed on to take any rest; neither was the old man half so comfortable when she was not by him. "I am going to die," said he; "let me not lose sight of Josephine," "she has been all my comfort for these sixteen years; and you, my good wife," turning to the poor woman, who stood weeping by his side, we must part! we have lov'd each other faithfully all our
lives,

lives, and must we now part?" repeated he. "Not for long, my dear husband," she replied, while tears nearly choaked her utterance; "I cannot live when you are gone!" This was too much for poor Josephine, sinking on her knees; she hid her face in the bed-clothes, already wet with her tears; "shall I," exclaimed she, "lose both my friends at once? Ah! what will become of me?" and silently she implored the Almighty to spare the life of one so dear to her. At this moment the door opened; but the attention of the interesting groupe was so absorbed by their grief, that neither of them looked round; and they concluded it to be one of their neighbours, till they heard an unknown voice exclaim, "Good God! what do I see?" Josephine cast her eyes on the stranger, and immediately recognized Mr. Spencer. "It is the good gentleman," said she, in a melancholy tone, taking her grandfather's hand; "it is not the doctor." "The doctor," replied he, in a feeble voice,

voice, "could do me no good! My dear child, don't cry for me, I am going to be happy!" As the gentleman approached the bed, compassion was strongly pictured in his countenance. "Is this your grandfather, my poor girl?" said he to Josephine, whose tears were still flowing. "O, yes, Sir," returned she, "he is dying!" "Have you no advice?" asked Mr. Spencer. "We have sent to town for the doctor, Sir, but he is not come." "He shall come though," replied the good-natured man, "I will fetch him myself;" and he left the room instantly. Sure he is an angel!" each exclaimed at the same moment; "I knew how good he was," continued Josephine, wiping her eyes, "when I sold my goose to him." "Is that the gentleman?" said the old man, "I thought I had seen him before, but I must be mistaken."—Mr. Spencer returned in a few minutes, he had overtaken the apothecary, who had been to visit a patient farther off; "I did not know I had been sent for," said he.

"Come,

“Come, my good old man, let this gentleman feel your pulse.” When the doctor, as the country people call him, took the old woman’s place, for to him only would she resign it; she advanced to the stranger, and in flattering accents, attempted to return him thanks for the assistance he had procured them, when raising her eyes to his face, she gave a loud scream—“sure you are,”—she could say no more, but fell senseless on the floor; Josephine started from her seat, and her husband raising himself on the bed, exclaimed in a weak and broken voice, “Oh! she is dead! ’tis I have killed her, she never could be persuaded to lie down;” and he sunk on his pillow in an agony of grief. “Do not alarm yourself,” said the apothecary, as he lifted her to a chair, “she is better already.” While Mr. Spencer stood with his eyes rivetted on her, at length he cast them on Josephine, and as if awaking from a dream, he caught her in his arms, crying, “You are my daughter! my dear, my long lost daughter!”

H

daughter!" "O my God, I thank ye!" exclaimed the old man, with fervor, raising his hands to heaven; "and are you then Falkland?" said he, looking wildly on the stranger, who still pressed the astonished girl in his arms. "I am, I am, my good old man, and your name is Betters?" continued he, with agitation. "It is, it is indeed," repeated the poor woman, who was now enough recovered to recollect the scene that had passed. "It was so," returned he, "but tell me, is not this my child?" "Sure enough she is," replied the old man, "but do not take her from me," added he, in a supplicating tone, "I have not long to live!" Josephine broke from her father's arms, and flew towards him, "I will never leave you," said she earnestly; "when you are gone, I will do as my father bids, but till then"—"I would not wish my child to be ungrateful," replied Mr. Spencer, with emotion, "my daughter shall continue with you while she can afford you any comfort."

comfort." "You have a wife?" said Mrs. Betters, looking mournfully at Josephine. "She will receive my friends with joy," answered he, taking her hand, "she is as amiable as was your daughter, and my child must love her, for she preserved her father's life—you shall hear." He would have continued, but the apothecary perceiving the old man much agitated, begged him to defer the account. "My patient," said he, "is too weak to bear more at present, this unexpected event has already been too much for him." "Another time father," repeated Josephine, as she tenderly kissed his hand, while a tear started to her eye, when she reflected with joy she had now met with one whom she could call by that endearing name. "Now," thought she, "when I shall most want a friend, how good is God!" Mrs. Daynton, who had been present at the latter part of the story, but would not interrupt it, thinking this a good time to make a break in it, said, "I think Sally had better de-

fer the remainder : she has read a great while. " Not too long for me, Mama," answered Juliania, " I hope Sally is not tired." " No, Miss," replied the maid, " but I can finish it another time, there is a deal more to come yet." " I am glad of it," said her auditor, " for I like it very much ; don't you think it is a pretty story, Mama ?" " What I have heard of it," returned Mrs. Daynton, " but that is not much ; however, I have something to read to you, I think you will like as well, a note from Mrs. Graham, she will send the carriage to fetch you and your sister to dinner to-morrow ; should you not like to go ?" " O dear, yes, Mama, to be sure I should, but what will Dr. Wilmot say ?" " He has been here this afternoon," said her mother, " and given his consent ; that you have nothing but the weather to fear, and that at present promises to be fine." — " Why did not the Doctor come up," asked Juliania, " he knows I always want to see him." Mrs. Daynton replied, " he had

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS. 77

had not time, but that he had left a kind message for her, and promised to call and see her after her visit." The rest of the day, Juliania amused herself with Henry, and in attempting to draw; to handle her pencil again gave her infinite pleasure.— "I hope I shall soon be able to sit down to the instrument," said she, "how delightful that will be! I shall then think myself quite well." Joy illumined the countenance of her affectionate sister at these words, and she answered, "Mama gave me some lines this morning addressed to Hope, you shall hear them, they were written by a friend of her's."

TO HOPE.

HAIL, lovely power! to sorrow dear,
That gently wipes the pensive tear,
And soothes the soul to rest!
Shed, smiling Hope, thy heavenly beam!
O! cheer a while the dreary scene,
And teach me to be blest!

Blest with thy smile the soul shall glow,
The silent tear forget to flow,

And future joys arise !

Content shall spread her little store,

Resign'd with virtue to be poor,

And charm my partial eyes !

Let Faith attend with lifted eye,

That loves to range its native sky,

And fix its views above !

Where the Almighty ever reigns,

Where swell the full persuasive strains

Of Mercy, Truth, and Love !

And thou, bright Charity, descend,

O still thy votary's steps attend,

Where mis'ry heaves the sigh ;

With Love to sooth the pensive breast

Of suffering innocence distressed,

And wipe the mourner's eye !

O let my heart thy influence own,

Where sorrow pours the heart-felt moan,

The luxury of grief !

Be mine to soothe the sufferer's woe,

To bid the tear forget to flow,

And give the wish'd relief !

Come,

Come, mild Humanity! lov'd guest!

Come fix thy empire in my breast,

Here hold thy peaceful cell!

And thou, soft Pity! to be here,

To pensive sorrow ever dear,

And here for ever dwell!

C. M.

CHAP. VI.

"If Happiness has not her seat

"And centre in the breast,

"We may be wise, or rich, or great,

"But never can be blest."

BURNS,

AS Juliania was in expectation of Mrs. Graham's carriage coming early, Henry brought his books the next morning in an unusual hurry to her room, that she might hear him repeat his lesson of geography, before she went. The praise his sister was always

always willing to give, when he deserved it, made him wish to gain her approbation no less than his mother's; and he begged to be heard immediately. "We have now part of Africa to give an account of," said Mrs. Daynton, "I hope you are thoroughly acquainted with your lesson?" Henry smiled, "I will not promise too much," answered he, "it is not a very long one. The boundaries of Africa are to the North, the Mediterranean; to the West, the Atlantic and Ethiopic Oceans; to the South, the Southern Ocean; and to the East, the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. On this side it is also joined to the continent of Asia by the Isthmus of Suez. It is divided into sixteen great parts, ten on this side the Equator, and six beyond it, all of which are subdivided into lesser territories."—"What are the principal on this side of the equator," asked his mother. Henry hesitated often, but at length repeated, "Egypt, Barbary, Biledulgerid, Saara, or Desart, Negroland, Guinea, Ethiopia, Nubia,

Nubia, the Coast of Abex, and that of Ajan. Beyond the Equator," continued he, "are Congo, Cafraria, Monopotamia, Monvemugi, and Languebar, with the islands; of which some are to the West, in the Atlantic Ocean, and some to the East, in the Ethiopic. Those of the first are the Isles of Cape Verd, of which only ten deserve notice, and the Canary Islands, belonging to the Spaniards; the most considerable of these are the Great Canary, Teneriffe, famous for its peak, and the Isle of Ferr. To the North of these is Madeira, belonging to the Portuguese; as do all those of Cape Verd, lying towards the South. St. Helena belongs to the English, and lies in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean; at which place all our homeward-bound East-India ships stop for fresh provision. The two principal islands in the Ethiopic Ocean are Madagascar, once belonging to the French; and the Isle of Bourbon, now in their possession, not far from it, and on which at present is one of the chief

chief factories of their East India Company."

"And now," said Mrs. Daynton; "suppose you read over your next lesson, that it may not be quite new to you, when you come to learn it." "With all my heart, Mama," answered Henry; "but don't you think I have deserv'd some praise for what I have said to-day?" "If you were not so well inclin'd to commend yourself," replied his mother, "I should be more inclined to bestow my commendations, but you leave me no room to praise; nothing, in my opinion, claims it more than modesty, and conceit is the greatest fault I see in my little boy; therefore I wish to break him of it. This is an error generally belonging to the ignorant; do not you fear so degrading an appellation?" Henry blushed, and acknowledged it might at present belong to him; "but I will endeavour," added he, "not to deserve it, my dear Mama." "That's a good boy," said Juliana, who could no longer be silent; "I am sure Mama will be happy to praise you
when

when she can ; and you will very soon merit her commendation even more than you do now ; but let us hear what your next lesson is to be. To-morrow morning I shall not be present, as I wish to begin drawing again, and Mr. Alben attends."

Henry thanked his sister for her kind opinion of him, and opening the book, read as follows (but not till he had begged his mother to excuse what he had said ; this she readily did, and kissing him with much affection, said, I love you too well, my dear Henry, to be long angry with you ; and while you are so open to conviction, you will always claim my regard).

" Egypt belongs to the Turks, and is divided into High, Middle, and Lower, through all which the river Nile runs from South to North ; the whole coast of Africa from Egypt, extending along the Southern shore of the Mediterranean to the Straights of Gibraltar, and from thence to the utmost bounds of Morocco is called Barbary ; Biledulgerid is parted from it by

a long ridge of mountains; the Defart is an inland country, and little known; Negroland, or Nigritia, is a large tract, separated into several petty states, through which the river Niger runs, which, before it falls into the ocean, parts itself into two streams, the most Northerly is called Senega; Guinea is on the sea-side, and famous for a great trade in elephants' teeth and gold dust; the English, French, Dutch, and the Danes, have each their settlements on this coast; Nubia and Ethiopia are little known; the chief kingdom of the latter is Abyssinia; we are more acquainted with the coasts of Abex and Ajan; some of their chief towns belong to the Turks; Congo, beyond the equator, is noted for the negro trade; the Portuguese and Dutch have settlements there; Cafraria is likewise on the coast, and inhabited by the most barbarous and stupid people in all Africa, called Hottentots, the South Western extremity of which is the Cape of Good Hope belonging to the Dutch; this kingdom

kingdom almost surrounds Monopotamia, which has also the title of an empire, and is divided into several states; Monoemugi is inland, and little known; Tranquebar, or Mosembic, is washed by the sea."

Anne now entered, and told her sister the carriage was come; "I am ready," answered Juliania, "and so I see are you; good bye, my dear Mama and Henry, I wish you were going too." "I should not trust you, my love," replied her mother, "any where without Anne; or even with her to any house, but Mrs. Graham's; she will, I know, take care of you." "Do not exert yourself too much," continued she; "and remember, I shall be uneasy if you do not come home to tea." "We shall be very dull without you," said Henry, as he attended them to the door; but he expressed no wish to accompany them, only saying as the carriage drove away, "I dare say they will be very happy, Mama;" and so will we," said Mrs. Daynton, "when we have finished our
I morning's

morning's employment, we will take a walk." Mrs. and Miss Graham welcomed their visitors with unfeigned pleasure, and when seated in the parlour, they congratulated each other on seeing Juliania again at Belmont. They talked of a variety of things, and Mrs. Graham, who was very fond of her young companions, entered into all their conversation. "Will you not permit me to walk a little way in the garden?" said Juliania to her sister. "A little way," continued Miss Graham, "a very little way I entreat you to let her go." "Much entreaty," answered Anne, smiling at their earnestness, "would not be necessary for my permission; but as Mama has put her under my guardianship to-day, I tremble least any thing should hurt her; do you think she might venture, Ma'am?" applying to Mrs. Graham. "I rather think," said that lady, "a little walk might be of service to her; and we will accompany her, one on each side, least the winds of heaven visit her too roughly."

When

When in the garden Miss Graham said, "I am pleased to tell you, my Mama is grown fonder of poetry of late, and I hope I shall soon be able to persuade her to put our favourite lines over the cave we used to be so much pleased with; will you not comply, Mama?" "I fancy not," returned her mother, "as I cannot think they would be at all expressive of a place, where I believe the gardener now keeps his tools."

Miss Graham, after shewing her friends some curious plants they had brought from Bath, consented to return to the house; as Anne feared the heat, which then began to be oppressive, would fatigue her sister; and as soon as they were in the parlour, dinner was announced. It was plain and simple, such as the invalid could partake of; after which Anne expressed her desire of hearing Miss Graham sing; "I dare say," added she, "you have brought some new songs home with you." "None that I think are so pretty as many of my old ones,"

ones," answered Miss Graham; "but you shall hear both," continued she; and she sung the following, knowing it to be a favourite of Juliania.

SONG FROM THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

"Thou pretty little lively thing,
"How canst thou skip about and sing,
"Within this narrow cage confin'd?
"Thou that wert born to soar on high,
"To carol in the vaulted sky,
"And spread thy plumage to the wind.
"Thou pretty little chorister,
"Oh, thou shalt be my monitor,
"Instructive is thy artless lay;
"Like thine, disastrous is my lot,
"I'll learn from thee to murmur not,
"But smile upon each adverse day!

"It is very good of you, my dear Maria," said Juliania, "to remember what I liked; there always was something in that song which particularly pleased me, or in your manner of singing it; and now I have not heard it so long, it seems even prettier than before." The afternoon wore imperceptibly

perceptibly away, and Anne began to be uneasy. "May I take the liberty of asking you to order the carriage, Ma'am," said she to their kind friend; Miss Graham was going to object, but a look from her mother prevented her, and she rang the bell.

"I would not wish to keep you beyond the time allow'd you," said Mrs. Graham; "yet this looks very much like turning you out of doors." "It appears rather ungrateful in us," replied Juliania, "to be in such a hurry to go; but indeed, Ma'am, were it not from the fear of making Mama uneasy, I could willingly stay some hours longer; yet I beg you would not ask me," continued she, turning to her friend, lest I should be tempted to transgress; and then it will be a great while before I shall be allowed to come out again."

They parted with many expressions of kindness, and Juliania was received at home with almost as much joy as at Belmont; she answered all Henry's questions of how they had spent the day; and

heard his account of the walk he had taken with his mother. After tea, Mrs. Daynton was engaged with some ladies, who had come to call on her, and Juliania asked her sister to read. "That I will do with pleasure, my love," said Anne, and taking up a volume of her favourite Sturm, complied immediately with her request.

CHAP. VII.

"But to the generous still-improving mind,
 "That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 "Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 "Boastless, as now descends the silent dew,
 "To him, the long review of ordered life,
 "Is inward rapture, only to be felt."

THOMPSON.

THE first opportunity she had, Juliania desired to hear the finishing of Josephine's history,

history, as she now began to be more with the family, and feared it would be forgot. Sally was as willing to read as her young lady to hear, and, while Juliania was copying a landscape Mr. Allen had left her, she concluded the tale.

CONCLUSION OF THE FORTUNATE GEESE.

Mr. Spencer then left the cottage, and, with a beating heart, returned to his wife, to whom he related the strange adventure on his first appearance. She was alarmed by his agitated manner, and begged to know the cause. "I have found my daughter," said he, as soon as he could speak; "will you receive her?" "Receive her! yes! with pleasure:" replied she. "Where is she? Where did you meet?" Mr. Spencer then, more composed, related to his astonished wife, the discovery he had made. "In short," said he, "that market-girl I thought so interesting

resting is my child. As I was going by the cottage she told me was her habitation, I thought I would look in, and see if the account she gave me of her grandfather and grandmother was true, and there I found her. "Heaven, surely, directed your steps?" said Mrs. Spencer, "willing to restore to you a daughter you have so long lamented. But, cannot something be done for the poor man? Is he not in want?" "If they are at present distressed," answered he, "they shall not be so long. What my house affords shall be theirs." "And cannot she be brought here?" asked his compassionate wife. "Let us not regard what the world may say; but bring them all home." "I do not think he can now be removed, as he is very ill;" returned Mr. Spencer, strongly feeling her kindness in the intention; "but I will return directly, and every thing he may want shall be sent him from hence." "William shall take it," said Mrs. Spencer: "it is true, he may recollect seeing Josephine

Josephine in a situation we could wish she had not been in; but we must be above such foolish prejudices. Let us at once acknowledge the relationship: we cannot be disgraced by what it was not in our power to prevent." "How kind, how considerate you are," cried Mr. Spencer, with a grateful air; "what do I owe to you?" "Nothing!" returned she. "You have made me happy, and it shall be my study to complete your happiness by making your daughter so." "She may not be polished," continued her husband, "but I am sure she has an affectionate heart, and will repay your attention, from what I have witnessed in her behaviour to her grandfather." Mrs. Spencer then put wine, and every thing necessary, into a large basket, and William was ordered to attend his master, who on the road told him as many of the circumstances as he deemed necessary, to make him treat those of the family he might see with proper civility; yet when they arrived at the cottage,

tage, Mr. Spencer sent the man immediately back, from whom he took the basket, and carried it himself into the inner room, where he found the family much as he had left them; he poured out a glass of wine, and gave it to the old man, making each of his attendants drink another." "Now then," said Betters, "let me hear your story—yet I would say something first," he hesitated, "What is it my good father?" tenderly asked Mr. Spencer, "what would you say, speak without fear," advancing nearer to him. The old man, taking his hand with an expression not to be described, said in a low voice, "Will you take care of my poor wife when I am gone? she may not long outlive me." "Ah! do not doubt it, replied his son-in-law, with emotion, "she shall be under my own roof." "Now I can leave this world contented," returned the sick man, casting his eyes to heaven, as if to bless God, for granting him such a friend. Mr. Spencer then taking a chair by the bedside, while Josephine
and

and the old woman listened in silent attention, related to them his adventures.—“ You remember,” said he, “ my situation when I placed this child, an infant, under your care. Alas ! I felt the death of her mother as a misfortune both to her and myself, which I found a difficulty in supporting ; but for my child I thought I ought to live. At that time, you know, I was one of the principal mates of an East-Indiaman ; and when I left England I had no intention of not returning with the ship. There was on board a young man of the same age as myself, and with whom, as we had been every former voyage together, I had contracted a great intimacy ; his name was Hammond, and his character such, that I felt proud to be considered his friend. As we were one day walking the deck, he told me, he intended to remain in the country.” “ I have,” said he, “ a small fortune left me by my father ; and having since his loss, nothing to bind me to England, I think in India I can make my

my little sum of money more considerable; this I should be happy to share with you," continued he, "would you remain with me; we could trade in partnership, and the profits should be equally divided between us." "Need I say how much I felt his kindness? but remember," answered I, "I have a child in England." He endeavoured to persuade me I should be gaining a provision for it in a quicker way, than in any other line of life; and I own I was inclined to accept the proposal, but desired sometime to consider of it. When alone, I reflected my daughter was but an infant; and under your care, she would want nothing that I could procure her, for many years. "Perhaps," said I to myself, "by the time she is old enough to be benefitted by it, I may gain a fortune sufficient to give her a good education." This idea fixed my resolution, I went to Hammond, eager to assure him of my gratitude. "Your generous friendship," said I, "has bound me to you for ever;" and from that moment

ment I promised to myself never to do any thing contrary to his interest. "I am sorry," I continued, "I have not any thing to add to your stock; all that remained of our former voyage, I left with the parents of my wife, for the use of my child."—"Think not of this," returned he, "I have enough for both; not to begin in too high a stile is what we must avoid, and our expectations should be moderate." We reached our destination in good time, and after assisting to unload the ship, we took leave of our fellow passengers, and began our trade. I will not tire you with an account of all our proceedings, it is sufficient to say we met with more success than we could have expected. By the return of the ship I wrote to you, informing you of my plan;" "and that letter," said Betters, "I received; the only time I heard of you." "Your removal from the place I left you in," continued Mr. Spencer, "must have prevented it, for I wrote several times afterwards. But to continue my adven-

tures ; at the end of ten years we had acquired very handsome fortunes, and I felt a wish to return to England. This I mentioned to my friend, who I should have told you, had now been married about three years. " My child," said I to him, " will want the care of a father. She is old enough to be educated, and I have, through your friendship, gained sufficient to procure her every necessary instruction. I had in many letters to you, during this time, desired she might be put to school, and earnestly requested to hear from you, of her health and improvements. My having never received an answer to these enquiries, made me still more anxious to return, I feared you were dead, and my child left without a friend. Then, for the first time, I acknowledged myself to blame, for the prospect of a future advantage, to leave her at such a distance ; and no sooner did I discover my error, than I sought to amend it ; yet Hammond appeared uneasy when I spoke of leaving him. I cannot describe
the

the distress of my mind at that time. "Is it," I repeatedly asked myself, "not in my power to act as I ought by my child, without ingratitude to my friend?" I weighed each circumstance in my mind; and sometimes determined to give up to him the fortune I had realized, and come home. "Yet," said I, "without money what benefit will it be to my daughter, my whole life will then have been spent in the service of my friend, when I have a nearer interest in her."

Some months passed in this way, I continued active in the business to prevent my mind from recurring to circumstances which made me uneasy; but from my first wish of returning to England, I can say with truth, I enjoyed not a moment's comfort. My friend saw my situation, and in pity to my feelings made me the following proposal: "I esteem you Falkland, and while you remain unhappy, I cannot be otherwise; I cannot but observe you wish to be gone, and if it must be so, let us

part the friends we have always been ; I have witnessed your anxiety, and am sorry I cannot remove it but by one method. Do not, my friend," continued he, " think me ungenerous in now offering to you one third of the fortune we have gained, instead of one half ; could you have remained with me, I never should have thought of such a thing ; your child, I know, calls you hence. I have children, and respect your motive ; it is for their sakes I make this proposal ; as should you, at this time, take the half of our stock, I should by your removal be obliged to remain double the time in India I at first intended ; and though I have no near relation in England, it is my native country ; I as well as yourself wish to be there, and it is also for the benefit of my children I should return as soon as possible. " I could hear no more," but, throwing myself into his arms, exclaimed, " I feel more indebted to you now, my dear friend, than even when you first took me under your protection ; you have given
me

me an opportunity of shewing I am not actuated by interested motives ; I wish but for fortune sufficient to make my daughter and her old friends, should they be living, comfortable. Less than a third of our stock will do for that ; suffer me to take no more than for that purpose ; and, believe me, nothing can then add to my happiness so much as your arrival in England ; there we will renew our friendship, and my gratitude shall be as lasting as my life." Our plan was soon settled, and in the course of another month, I heard a ship was to sail. Mr. Hammond brought me the share he had mentioned, for he would not hear of my taking less. " You have a claim upon me for more," added he, " and I feel myself indebted to you for not making it ; remember what I owe you." Mr. Spencer seemed raised above himself as he related his friend's kindness. " How generous was this," said he ; " can I ever forget that I owe all I have to him?" In a little time I took leave of him, his wife and family ;

and as their house was a considerable distance from the sea, I had many days to travel before I reached the port. I had only one English servant with me, and some blacks, who carried my baggage; I found it so very hot, that for the first two or three days I made but slow progress; when meeting a man, who told me the ship was expected to sail the first fair wind, I hurried on regardless of the heat, till the fatigue, and anxiety of my mind, lest I should lose my passage, threw me into a fever, but still I proceeded. On the evening of the seventh day, we passed a large house on the road side; "Massa had better go there," said one of the negroes to my servant, who was assisting them in carrying their burden; "if Massa be 'ant well, there good lady will make him phyfic; she cure all, blacks and all; she make me well, when I very bad." The man enquired who she was, and learnt her name was Spencer, and had lost her husband nearly two years. This negro had lately

lately left her service, finding she was soon to leave the country ; he wished to secure so good a situation as in Mr. Hammond's family. I was too ill to attend to their conversation, and thought only of my journey. " We must make great dispatch to-night," said I, " we are yet a great distance from the port ; and I think every hour lost that is not spent in travelling." My servant shook his head, as if he doubted my being well enough to do as I intended ; and I little thought of the hindrance I was so soon to meet with. We were attacked by several armed negroes, in the middle of the night ; I was too weak to make much resistance, and after a slight skirmish, in which I was desperately wounded, they took from me all my baggage, and searching my pockets, I lost in one moment, the whole of my fortune. I felt quite exhausted, believing I was dying, as I lay on the ground, endeavoured to resign myself to my fate. My servant sat by me, and supporting my head, tried to give me
 hope;

hope; "Where are the negroes?" said I, perceiving we were alone; "they are gone for assistance, my dear master," he answered; "Domingo said he was sure that good lady, Mrs. Spencer, would send to your relief." The honest fellow wept over me; I felt unable to move; when closing my eyes, as I thought never to open them again in this world, I recommended my child to the Almighty, and fell into a heavy sleep, from which when I awoke, I found myself in the house of Mrs. Spencer. My servant, who was still by my side, congratulated me on being under such an hospitable roof; and well might he call it so; by the attention of this valuable woman my life was preserved; but when I was enough recovered to have left her, I found the ship had failed.

My friend visited me during my confinement in her house, and after my recovery, he once more offered me a share in the business, as to return to England without a fortune, he knew was not my intention;

intention; to accept his proposal looked like taking advantage of his kindness, and I had also another reason for refusing; the lady to whom I felt indebted even for my life, in answer to my expressions of gratitude, one day said to me, "it is in your power greatly to repay what you think so meritorious in me, could you settle an account I have with a gentleman, some distance from hence, the obligation would be all on my side; it is this only prevents my returning to England, which I am very anxious to do. It is a troublesome affair; the gentleman is not disposed to give me what is my due, and being a female, I can do little towards supporting my right if others are not inclined to allow it me. I am told you are a man of honour, and acquainted with business, will you undertake it for me?" It is needless to say I was entirely at her service. I took another journey of several days, and finished the business quite to her satisfaction. You conclude I dare say this was the lady
I after-

I afterwards married, when I took her name, for so had her first husband done in consequence of her father's will, from whom as she was an only child, she inherited a very good estate in England and the house we now live in. My friend rejoiced in the prospect before me, and I blessed the negroes, who first introduced me to this amiable woman, for it may be said my happiness was owing to them.

With my assistance every thing relating to her affairs were soon settled, and after disposing of the house she then lived in, we paid a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, merely to spend a few weeks with them before we left India. I must not forget to tell you, the former, when he heard of my being robbed, had given information to the officers of justice, which I was then too ill to think of, and the very day before we left him, a messenger arrived from the police, the robbers were discovered, and the money restored to me. This was a peculiar satisfaction, as it was then

then in my power to return it undiminished to my friend. "This," said I "will bring you to England sooner, and we shall not long be separated;" I would not be refused, and after a long debate he complied, saying, "every idea of obligation, my dear Faulkland, on your part must now be done away, it lies entirely on my side, and I know not another person, to whom I could allow myself to be so much indebted." When we met in England I told him we would settle which had most reason to be grateful, and in a short time my wife and I were on board the Ship, which was to bring us to our native country. I had before our marriage, mentioned to her the uneasiness I was under respecting my daughter, and immediately on our arrival, leaving Mrs. Spencer with her relations, I went in search of mine, to the place in which I had left you, there I had the mortification to hear you were removed no one knew whither. I found my child had gone with

with you, and after making many fruitless enquiries for the place of your present residence, I put several advertisements in different newspapers for the same purpose, but having none of them answered, I gave up all hope, and concluded you were dead and my child also, or lost entirely to me. The uncertainty I have been in respecting you, has clouded all my happiness, and though blessed with an amiable wife, and handsome fortune, the idea of what might be my daughter's wretchedness, embittered every comfort. Having finished his relation, in which the old man seemed much interested, Mr. Spencer begged he would endeavour to get a little sleep, for this long narration had greatly fatigued him, and after affectionately kissing his daughter, once more returned to his house. Mrs. Spencer had, during his absence, been busily employed in procuring clothes for Josephine, and when he entered the parlour he found her engaged with different workmen; to each she gave something to do,

do, and desiring all to forward their work as much as possible, she dismissed them, wondering among themselves why they were thus employed. It may be supposed how much Mr. Spencer was gratified at finding his wife enter so warmly into the interest of his daughter, and felt more obliged to her than ever.

In a few days poor Betters died, and Mr. Spencer took his widow and Josephine home, where they were received with great kindness by his wife. This benovelent woman behaved to both in all respects, as if they were her own relations; she had provided a room and a person to attend on the old woman, who was so much weakened by her late anxiety for her husband that she did not long survive him. Josephine never forgot her obligations to her grandmother, but paid her as much attention as before they were removed to a higher situation.—On her first introduction to Mrs. Spencer, she recollected the day she sold the goose to her, and behaved

L

with

with the same modesty as then, though it is probable had not her spirits been greatly depressed by the recent death of her grandfather, she might have been too much elated by the change in her fortune; but she could now only think of her loss, and how she should make the latter days of her grandmother happy. Mrs. Spencer, when better acquainted with her charge, daily found more reason to congratulate her husband on having discovered such a daughter; she saw in Josephine an excellent understanding, which though not cultivated, promised every thing from her care, and as she appeared sensible of her deficiency, Mrs. Spencer found it an easy task to instruct her. Masters were procured, and though too old to make much progress in any accomplishment, Josephine at the age of twenty knew every thing she had been taught perfectly. In little more than a year after she had lived with her father, Mr. Hammond's family came home, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer were then

then completely happy. It appears unnecessary to add, the friendship began so early between these gentlemen, continued all their lives; for though we often see those who have only the name of friends, estranged from each other, it is equally remarkable, that disinterested friendship is lasting.

Just as Sally had finished her tale, and Juliania was expressing her thanks for the entertainment it had afforded her, they heard a carriage stop at the door, "Papa is come," said she, "I must run and see him;" she reached the parlour as soon as the rest of the family, and Mr. Daynton, though his absence had been short, was received with pleasure by all. While they were at tea, he related to them all he had seen in his late visit to London; and told them, the next week they might expect some visitors. "Who are they?" enquired all at once." Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt," answered he, "they are distant relations of ours, though I have never seen either of

them till the other day; they seem very anxious for our acquaintance, and I could not do otherwise than say we should be happy to see them. When Mrs. Mordaunt mentioned her intention of paying us a visit, in her way to Southampton, the young lady also said, she had long wished for the friendship of my daughters." "What sort of a girl is she, Papa?" asked both the sisters, anxious to know who this new friend was like. Mr. Daynton smiled at their curiosity, and replied, "You know I never form my opinion hastily, therefore I cannot tell you, as I have seen her but once, I shall leave you to pass judgment upon her." "Then I do not think she is very pleasant," said Anne, "or you would say so." "Would it not be absurd," resumed their father, "to pronounce a person's character at one view? I saw more of her mother, she seems to be like most ladies in the fashionable world, neither one thing or the other. But now let me ask you some questions, how have you spent
your

your time in my absence?" Anne and Juliania related their visit to Miss Graham, and told him of several walks they had taken. "I have been out almost every day for the last week," said Juliania; and Henry talked of a game of cricket he had won. In the course of the evening his father enquired how the lessons had gone on, and the little boy would not speak in his own praise; "I have almost got thro' the first part of geography," said he, "and will repeat it if you will hear me." Mr. Daynton readily complied, commended him for his accuracy, and gave him great encouragement to continue his studies.

C H A P. VIII.

“ An’ e’en their sports, their balls, and races,
“ Their galloping to public places ;
“ There’s sic parade, sic pomp an’ art,
“ The joy can scarcely reach the heart.”

BURN.

THE next day, as his father was not quite ready to recommence his instructions, Henry again repeated his task in Juliania’s chamber ; and willing to retrieve his character, endeavoured to convince his mother, he did not expect the praise she gladly bestowed on him. It was America, and though a very long lesson, he had got part of it quite perfect ; as what Mrs. Daynton thought more than he could learn, she allowed him to write in a book kept for this purpose ; and where this attentive parent accustomed her children to transcribe what they thought most remarkable in their lessons, and which they read to her, till it became

became imprinted on their minds. "The Northern boundary of America," said Henry, "by late discoveries, is found to be the Frozen Sea on the North-East; it is separated from the Asiatic Continent by the shallow straight of Bherrings; on the West it has the Pacific Ocean; to the South the Southern Ocean; and to the East the Atlantic. It is divided into North and South, by the Isthmus of Darien. The best division of North America at this time, may be into the dominions of Spain, containing Old and New Mexico; Caliafornia, once thought a large Island, but now known as part of the Continent; Louisiana and Florida; Eskemaux, or New Britain, lying North of Canada, is but little known; the English possess it with Nova Scotia and Canada; and the United States of America are bounded on the North by these Provinces; on the South by Florida and the River Mississippi; on the West by the Lakes, and Eastward by the Atlantic Ocean." "What are they called?"

called?" asked Mrs. Daynton, " Ah, Mama, that is too hard a question; they contain thirteen provinces, I have written them down, and also the principal Islands, and will, if you please, read them to you. New Hampshire, Massachusset's Bay, Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, all which were in November 1782, declared free and independent States. The islands possessed by the English, are Newfoundland, Jamaica, St. Christopher's, Antigua, Nevis, Dominica, Barbadoes, Grenada, and the Granadines, Barbuda, Montserrat, and St. Vincent, distinguished as the Caribbee Isles; while all the Islands of America, when spoken of in general, are called the West Indies; and those of Asia the East Indies. The Islands of North America belonging to Spain, are Cuba, a rich and fruitful island, where the Spanish flotilla touches, in its way from Mexico; St.

St. Domingo, or Hispaniola, part of which belongs to the French; Porto-Rico, the Virgin Isles, Trinidad, and Margareta, are also possessions of Spain; Martinique and Guadaloupe belong to the French.”— Henry now closed the book, and repeated “ the principal rivers are the Mississippi, which runs through Louisiana; its course is not known, but it falls into the Gulph of Florida; it receives that of Ohio; and the River St. Lawrence rising from one of the Lakes, falls into the Atlantic Ocean.— South America,” continued Henry, “ is separated into seven parts, Terra Firma, Peru, the country of the Amazons, Brazil, formerly called Santa Croix, subject to the Portugeze, but little known, except on the coast; Rio de la Plata, or Paraguay, Chili, and Terra Magellinica, the most southern part of the Continent, and is sometimes called Patagonia; not far from which is Falkland Island, and the Isle of Terra del Fuego, at the southern extremity of which is Cape Horn. The settle-
ments

ments at Surinam on the Continent, and those at St. Eustatia; another of the Caribbee Isles, belong to the Dutch; the Isles of Juan Fernandez, on the Western Coast, to the Spaniards; and the Bermudas, or Summer Isles, lying near the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, to the English. This is all I have learnt," said Henry, "but I have written a great deal more." Juliania begged to hear it, and he continued thus:—
"Under the North or Arctic Pole, lie the Arctic Lands, mostly unknown; Spitsberg to the North of Norway, Greenland, Nova Zembla, parted from Europe by the Straights of Waygatz, and the Company's Land, near Asia, the coast of which is only known. The Antarctic Lands are under the South Pole, of a much greater extent; yet all are not at present discovered, except the Coast. New Guinea is supposed to join the land of Papous, Carpenteria, or Carpenter's Land, lies between New Guinea and Holland; the Isles of Salomen in the South Sea, lie Eastward of it ;

it; the largest is called Isabella, those of Horn, Cows, Traitors, and Dogs, are not very considerable; the Magellanic Isles are by most geographers placed under the South Pole." Mrs. Daynton then gave him his first lesson to learn again, and commended him greatly for the attention he had hitherto shewn them; and the party separated, mutually pleased with each other. The latter end of the next week the strangers were to come, and the curiosity of our young folk was highly raised; by the little their father had said, they concluded Miss Mordaunt would prove not very agreeable, "I wonder whether she will read to us?" said Juliania; "I dare say not," answered Anne, "most likely she will take no notice of us; and I suppose she is not fond of walking: London ladies think such exercise vulgar, particularly if they keep a carriage. Mama says we must be extremely civil to her, but for my part, I cannot help supposing, we shall not like her, by the pains taken to make

us behave properly ; and then Papa's manner is so odd when he speaks of her."— At length the visitors arrived, and the girls found enough in their Cousin to attract their attention the whole evening ; she was not at all what they had conjectured, and her manners so unlike those of any person they had ever seen, that they frequently looked at each other with surprize, and some inclination to laugh at their new acquaintance ; even their father could not help smiling at their astonishment. He had handed them from their carriage, and with much ceremony introduced them to his wife. " I have long wished for this pleasure," said Mrs. Mordaunt, in a drawling voice, as she coldly saluted Mrs. Daynton, " but I am really so fatigued with the journey I have taken to-day, that I scarcely know how to express the excessive satisfaction I feel on becoming acquainted with you ;" and she sunk into her chair, quite overcome with the exertion of speaking. Yet her attention was so much

much engrossed by the fear of deranging her habit, that she could take no notice of the young ladies, or listen to the answer their mother made her polite speech ; which though unexpressive of such raptures, the other lady felt, she endeavoured should not discover the little pleasure this their first interview had afforded her. Miss Mor-daunt glided into the room, and waving the form of an introduction, she caught a hand of the young people, saying, " You are my Cousins, I want no one to tell me so ! my dear girls, I feel I shall love you as sisters." We are very happy to see you," said Anne, half frightened at her eccentric manner. Mr. Daynton now approached, and was beginning to speak, " These are my daughters," said he, but the voluble young lady prevented his proceeding—" My dear Sir," she exclaimed, " We want no introduction, I know these are your daughters, and they, I dare say, easily imagine who I am, young people are soon acquainted. Come, my dear

M

girls,

girls," continued she, " let us sit down together, I must positively hear the sound of your voices ;" forgetting her own had been the only one which could be heard since her entrance. " I am afraid," said Anne, " your Mama, is much fatigued ?" " O no," answered Miss Mordaunt, with a careless air, " I have often seen her thus ; she sometimes fancies herself dying in a ball-room, but I have known her dance for the next hour, without intermission." Mrs. Mordaunt, whose scrutinizing eyes had been thoroughly examining the furniture of the room, and Mrs. Daynton's dress, now first condescended to observe her daughters. " Are those the rustics you told me of ?" said she to Mr. Daynton, with an affected air ; " how do you do, young ladies ?" They rose with politeness, but returned her address with the same coldness, as she expressed herself " amazingly happy to see them." Henry now entered ; he had been in the garden, and did not expect to find more company

in the parlour than he had left ; on seeing strangers, he would have retired, but his father called him back, saying, " I must introduce you to Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt." Henry advanced with a low bow to the elder lady, who graciously held out her hand to him, and said, " I am very fond of children, you and I must be very sociable, my sweet little fellow." " And won't you speak to me ?" interrupted Miss Mordaunt, " I am your cousin, and shall be quite charmed with you." " Where have you been all this afternoon ?" asked Juliania, who found it much easier to talk with her brother than their cousin ?" " In the shrubbery," answered he, " helping the gard'ner, who has just planted some young trees in the place of those which are dead." " Have you a shrubbery ?" enquired their visitor, addressing herself to Henry, " I am glad of that, you must shew me all the walks round this charming place ; you cannot imagine how fond I am of the country. You walk a great
M 2 deal,

deal, I presume, my dear Juliania," continued she, " you find I have discovered your name already ; mine is Maria, you must call me so, for there should be nothing ceremonious between friends." " I used to walk more than I have lately done," answered Juliania, " but I shall be very happy to accompany you to the shrubbery, as that is within my present bounds." Miss Mordaunt continued the same trifling conversation all the evening ; and when they separated for the night, she concluded her cousins were quite enraptured with her, as she had, in her own opinion, adapted her discourse entirely to their capacity ; " for what," thought she, " can girls who live in the country have to talk about ? to-morrow I shall raise their wonder and envy, by the account I will give them of the pleasures of London. Yet," added she, continuing her reflections with a sigh, " pleasure is not always found there ; no, no, my heart was formed for rural scenes and innocent happiness ;
here

here I could for ever enjoy myself; I wish I was in their situation, but I am obliged to follow my mother, who has no enjoyment in any thing else, to every public place;" and with this sentimental complaint Miss Mordaunt closed her eyes, "to dream of happiness she was not to know." It is necessary to inform my readers, lest their compassion should induce them to feel more for this young lady than her case merited, that she never long retained the same cast of character, it being chiefly determined by the last novel she had read; whatever was the situation of the heroine of the tale, she felt inclined to make her own. It happened that the book with which she amused herself on the journey, feelingly described the pleasures of the country, rural elegance, a simple cottage, with a beautiful and interesting inhabitant, about whom there was some degree of mystery; and this charming account entirely fixed her opinion, that of all things to live in the country was the most desirable.

Anne and her sister when alone, for they now slept together, gave free scope to their mirth. "What a ridiculous girl!" said Anne, "how affected she is!" "Papa might well be silent respecting her," added Juliania, "he could say nothing in her praise." "She may amuse us for a little while," continued the other; "but I hope they will not stay long, or I cannot think what we shall do with her;" "and then the mother is more disagreeable still," interrupted her sister; "she appears a very cross fine lady; Miss Mordaunt does seem good-natured, however; and their dress!" continued she, laughing, "did you observe it? mother's and daughter's just alike, how very ridiculous!" "I suppose it is the fashion," replied Anne; "but I cannot say I much admire it; I am puzzling my brains to know what we shall do to amuse them to-morrow." "I dare say," returned Juliania, half asleep, "they won't get up very early; there will be time enough in the morning to think of that; let us make
better

better use of our time now, for I am very sleepy;" "so, indeed am I," answered Anne, and willingly wished her sister good night.

The next day Miss Mordaunt prevented their distress to find employment for her by saying, "you see, my dear girls, I am prepared for a walk, but where is your young beau? I hope he is not so ungallant as to run away." "I will call him," said Juliania, "most likely he is with my father in the study;" where she found him, and very ready to accept the challenge she brought. "To walk with my strange cousin?" said he, "oh, yes, that I will. What droll people they are, Papa?" added he, "Mama says, you must give me holidays while they are here, for she does not know how to talk to Mrs. Mordaunt, unless you are by." While the young party fauntered up and down the most shaded walks, Miss Mordaunt expressed herself supremely happy at again beholding
the

the charms of Nature; but she could not help now and then recurring to the scenes she had left, and told her cousins what a sacrifice she made of her inclinations to those of her mother, by giving up so much of her time to dissipation; that she could not bear balls or routs, though often obliged to go; yet by the minute description she gave of every dress she wore, her auditors would have supposed such amusements alone could have given her pleasure, had she not repeatedly assured them to the contrary. Before the end of that day, she determined to make Juliana her *friend*, whose mind she fancied exactly suited her own, and therefore for the future conversed chiefly with her; the day after, meeting with Thompson's Seasons in the parlour-window, she proposed to her favourite cousin to retire to the summer-house, and there to read it together; "it will be sweet," said she, "to trace the scenes the poet has so charmingly described."

Mrs.

Mrs. Daynton, finding herself equally at a loss to amuse Mrs. Mordaunt, mentioned their taking an airing that morning, thinking it might fill up part of the time, which seemed to her more than usually tedious; "with all my heart," replied that lady with indifference; "I suppose the horses are sufficiently rested, which is more than I am," added she, sighing most piteously; "I do'nt know what is the matter with me." "You do not seem well, Ma'am," said Mrs. Daynton, nearly smiling at what she judged her illness; "but perhaps a little exercise, and a view of the country, may soon carry off that languor you complain of." "The country is odious," answered Mrs. Mordaunt; "nothing but green fields and red faced damsels to be seen. Upon my word, my dear Mrs. Daynton, I wonder how you can support yourself in it without coming to town, at least once in a year; Heavens, it must be terrific!" Mrs. Daynton did not endeavour to persuade her otherwise, as she knew

knew what she deemed amusements would be unintelligible to her companion; but turning to the younger lady said, "perhaps Miss Mordaunt will go with us." "I am much obliged to you, Madam," answered she, "but I have promised my friend Juliania to spend a rational morning with her in the garden, and I cannot disappoint her." "Anne will then accompany us," said Mrs. Daynton; and by a look directed to her daughter, bade her not refuse. After they were gone, Juliania and her cousin retired to the arbour, and Miss Mordaunt no longer talked of balls, her whole heart seemed devoted to the country, and with affected rapture she expatiated on the prospect before them. "It was here," said Juliania, "I sat for the first time, after my long illness, with my dear father and mother, and Anne and Henry; Papa then repeated some lines out of the very book you have chosen for our study this morning." "What an interesting moment," observed her companion, "was you not
in

in extasies?" "I was very happy," answered the amiable girl, while a tear glowed in her eye at the grateful recollection. Miss Mordaunt perceived this mark of sensibility, and pressing her cousin's hand, said with earnestness, "you have a feeling heart, my dear; I was sure our hearts were congenial; we must be bosom friends!" Juliania, not so well acquainted with the novel adventures from which her companion drew her ideas of friendship, almost started at the pathetic air with which this was uttered, and concluded some secret grief preyed upon her mind; "though I am but little known to her," thought she, "my cousin is going to make me her confidant; perhaps her mother is not kind to her; I always thought her ill-natured." "I see you hesitate," continued Miss Mordaunt, with the same energy; "you think we are not sufficiently known to each other; but when hearts are in unison, 'like two sweet instruments never out of tune,' a friendship is

is quickly form'd; don't you think so?" Juliania understood none of these sentiments; "to live in friendship," resumed the romantic girl, "is to have the same desires and the same aversions." "Ah then," thought Juliania, "I can never live in friendship with you;" and she destroyed all Maria's enthusiasm by saying, "I have heard, 'to form a friendship it is necessary not only to consult the heart but the head, not only the temper but the understanding;' if so, you can as yet know very little of mine, my dear cousin, though I hope, as we become more acquainted, the friendship you speak of may be form'd." Miss Mordaunt's countenance expressed disappointment to find her warmth of feeling unreturned; "let us read," said she with embarrassment, and opening the book, she began Thompson's beautiful invocation to Spring:

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come;
"And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
"While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
"Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!"

Then turning over the leaves, she sought a passage more suited to their present situation ;

“ Now from the town,

“ Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damp,

“ Oft let me wander o’er the dewy fields,

“ Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops

“ From the bent bush, as thro’ the verdant maze

“ Of sweet-briar hedges, I pursue my walk,

“ Or taste the smell of dairy.”

“ How charming this is !” cried she,

“ have you any dairy, Juliania ?” Yes,”

answered her cousin, vexed she should not

continue reading ; “ but it is not now the

time to visit it ; in the evening the cows

are milking, and their breath is delightful.”

“ Here is more,” continued Miss Mor-

daunt, who had been rather looking over

the book than attending to Juliania’s reply :

“ Home from his morning task the swain retreats,

“ His flock before him, stepping to the fold,

“ While the full-udder’d mother lows around

“ The chearful cottage, then expecting food,

“ The food of innocence and health !”

N

“ Then

"That is milk," continued she, "what I like of all things; if I liv'd in the country it should be my only beverage;" then turning to another page, with an affected pathos, she read as follows:

"Welcome ye shades! ye bowry thickets hail!

"Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!

"Ye ashes wild resounding o'er the steep!

"Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

"As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,

"Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides

"Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink,

"Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort
glides;

"The heart beats glad, the fresh expanded eye

"And ear resume their watch, the sinews knit

"And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd
limbs."

"My dear Juliania," exclaimed Miss Mordaunt, as she concluded these lines, "do you think we could reach that wood?" pointing to the trees at a distance. Her cousin could not help smiling, as every scene she read of, she directly wished to realize; "we shall find it very
hot

hot to cross the field," was her remark;
 "but if you wish it, we will make the
 attempt; when there, we shall be amply
 rewarded, and certainly more able to enjoy
 the scene the poet has so well described."

"Oh! let us go," said Miss Mordaunt,
 "we will not mind the heat."

"Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 "Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth,
 "That forming high in air a woodland choir,
 "Nods o'er the mount beneath."

Juliania thought it not civil to refuse
 her, and taking the arm she offered, they
 prepared to walk; but fortunately for our
 convalescent, Mr. Daynton, who was faun-
 tering with Henry at a little distance,
 perceiving their intent, hastily followed
 them, and prevented her compliance by
 saying, "I do not think you are suffi-
 ciently recovered to bear this quick transi-
 tion from heat to cold; Miss Mordaunt
 will, I hope, excuse your attendance, and
 Henry and myself will, with pleasure, ac-
 company her to the wood." Juliania was

not sorry to avoid so warm a walk, and returning to the summer-house said, "I will wait here till your return." Her father, with a smile, put a book into her hand, saying, "read this, it will amuse you in our absence;" he then quickly followed his young visitor, who had walked on, chatting to Henry.

CHAP. IX.

"O wad some pow'r the giftie gi' us,

"To see ourselfs as others see us,

"It wad from monie a blunder free us,

"An' foolish notion."

BURN.

AS the next day Mr. Daynton had invited most of the neighbouring families to dinner, his wife and daughter were in part relieved from the wearisome conversation of their new acquaintance. Mrs. Mason, her daughter,

daughter, and Mrs. and Miss Graham, were of the party; to the latter, Juliania could not forbear remarking her cousin's extraordinary behaviour; and, had not that young lady's good sense suggested to her these observations had better be deferred till the subject of them was absent, Miss Mordaunt might have had reason to complain Juliania was ignorant of what was due to civility, as well as to friendship. Miss Graham would willingly have entered into conversation with that lady, had not Miss Mason already succeeded so well in the attempt as to exclude every body else. She found Miss Mordaunt was just come from London, and determined to ask her some questions, which should make her talk. Neither of the ladies were at a loss, and Maria, as she had not forgot the repulse she met with the day before, when she wished for a sentimental friend, condescended to describe the dresses in the last new opera, and, in a few minutes was so deeply engaged in an account of the most

favourite actresses, that she once more thought the pleasures of gay life desirable, especially when she found the recital of them could give the person she spoke to such apparent satisfaction. Miss Mason was quite elated by her notice, and declared herself infinitely obliged for the entertainment she had received, while Miss Mordaunt could not help observing to Juliana, she had not met with any one so amiable and well bred, since she had been in the country. Mrs. Mordaunt, as the company were walking on the lawn after tea, remarked, if there were a few more beaux, they might raise a little dance. The young people were all pleased with this hint, and, with her mother's permission, Anne sent the footman to procure the village fiddler, to the sound of whose scraping violin, they tripped merrily away, and kept up the dance for some hours. Though Juliana could not join in it as often as she wished, she felt a pleasure in seeing them so happy, whilst she looked on Miss Mordaunt

daunt with surprize, who alone of all the party, made great complaints of the shocking music, yet was always ready to begin another dance, and, for the first time since she had been in the country, appeared cheerful.

In a few days, Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt left Mayfield, and, we hope, without feeling all the regret they chose to express on the occasion. — They would with pleasure have staid longer, where they had been so very happy, but as their friends, whom they had promised to join at Southampton, were in daily expectation of their coming, they could no longer delay their journey. — And as the family they were leaving wished not to detain, they parted with great appearance of cordiality, though each secretly rejoiced at the separation.

The next morning the sisters returned to their usual avocations, in which they engaged with the greater satisfaction from the late interruption. Henry was congratulating himself on the near approach of the
Midsummer

Midsummer holidays, as then he should have more companions. " Mr. Walker, the clergyman's sons, will soon be at home, and the Master Belmont's," added he, " the Nabobs, I long to see them, for they have such a variety of play-things, and do whatever they have a mind to—" " If so," interrupted Mr. Daynton, " I think they cannot be very proper companions for you, Henry, who are not allowed that privilege. However, I do not imagine you will be so often with them as to learn their bad habits, nor should I wish you : the children of so great a man as Mr. Belmont will not be allowed to associate with such a little insignificant fellow as you are." In about a week after this conversation, Henry, who would sometimes transgress beyond the boundaries of their own grounds, met the eldest of these young gentlemen, and willing to convince his father he was not beneath their notice, he with great pleasure welcomed him home : Master Belmont soon recollected his old playfellow,

low, and, not having yet assumed the consequence his father wished to give him, expressed himself happy in the meeting: "We are come to have a month's fun," said he, "and we mean to do great things: you will lend us your assistance, I know, Daynton: you are a boy of spirit, therefore we will admit you into our party: we have brought a lad of mettle to spend the holidays with us: he is to be our leader, and we are determined to kick up a *row* among the country folk." Henry, who could not help thinking this was talking rather too largely, still felt so gratified by being stiled a boy of spirit, by Master Belmont, that he could not avoid declaring himself ready to join in any thing they proposed. "That's right, my good fellow," answered the other: "you can tell us where all the old women of the parish live, and we will frighten them rarely: you shall find I am a hearty one." These boys had been, from the age of Henry, to a very capital school, though what they chiefly learned

learned was to excell in mischief. The scholars were in general older than themselves, but finding the Belmonts always well supplied with money, thought it worth while to notice them, and they were soon introduced to what was deemed "high fun." Henry, after parting from his old acquaintance, began to recollect the way they intended to spend their holidays would not be such as his father would quite approve, and almost determined to forbear joining them; yet, to give up so great an honour as the friendship of the Master Belmont's, seemed too large a sacrifice, and before he had entirely settled, whether he should or should not make it, he met his father. "Which way did you come," enquired Mr. Daynton: "I have been looking for you. Let us walk down to Mr. Walker's and enquire if his sons are come home." "The Belmonts are," returned Henry. "I have just left the eldest: he is as good-natured as ever; and you cannot think how glad he was to see me." "Then you have

have been in the road," said his father: "don't you know I forbade your going there." "Dear Papa," answered Henry, affecting a laugh, "what harm can that do me; I cannot always be confined." "Do you call it confinement," answered Mr. Daynton, with unusual gravity, "when you are sensible I never go out without you? Upon my word, these are fine notions for a boy of your age: let me hear no more of them: I expect to be obeyed in this particular as well as every other." Henry did not like this, but he feared the stern look of his father too much to reply, and they continued their walk in silence. When they arrived at Mr. Walker's gate, his two boys ran out to meet them, saying "This is very kind of you, Daynton, to come and see us. Papa talked of taking us to your house, this evening; but I am glad you are come." "How long have you been at home," enquired Henry in an ill-humoured tone, without expressing any pleasure at seeing them. "We only came yesterday,"

yesterday," returned the younger who was exactly Henry's age. "We are very happy, you may suppose. Papa says we shall have a great deal of pleasure these holidays, and I hope we shall see you very often," added he, taking his hand. To this, Henry made no answer, but drawing it away, followed his father into the house. "I cannot think what is the matter with Daynton," continued the disappointed boy, "he is either grown very proud, or something has put him out of humour. I can't make him speak a word." "I don't care," answered his brother: "I won't go after him. If he does not like our company, I shall not force myself upon him." But, Henry was not permitted to remain long with the gentlemen. "My sons are uncivil, I fear," said Mr. Walker, addressing himself to his young visitor. "They are so pleased at having their liberty, that I cannot keep them within doors. However, I hope you will excuse that; and, as they will not attend you here, join them
in

in the garden." His father, also, telling him to go, Henry could not, with any grace, refuse, and slowly left the room. The Walkers again met him, with great good-nature inviting him to a game of trap-ball. "See," said they, "what a nice bat my father has bought us: let us make a trial of it." Henry complied, and though he thought such amusements but childish, he soon found great pleasure in the play; and when his father called him to return home, he felt unwilling to leave his companions, and they, forgetting his former coolness, now earnestly pressed his stay; but Mr. Daynton thought it too late, and after inviting them to Mayfield, he and his son took their leave.

"I thought you did not seem glad to see your old friends," said he, as they were walking home. "I hope I was mistaken, you cannot have forgot how many agreeable hours you have spent with them, when you were always happy in their company." "And so I am now," answered

O

Henry,

Henry, whose generous heart acknowledged the justness of his father's remark, and felt ashamed his conduct should have occasioned it. "They are very goodnatured boys, and I hope I shall see them very often these holidays. The Belmonts were not thought of, and his pride was subdued by the affection with which these boys welcomed his returning good-humour; but they lived much farther from Mayfield, than the former, as Mr. Belmont's grounds were separated from Mr. Daynton's only by a road which led to his house. And Henry had consequently more opportunities of meeting his sons, than the Walkers. The next afternoon he was allow'd to go out by himself, his feet involuntarily took the path which led to that road; before he had reached the paling, he heard the voices of the Belmonts, and could not resist the temptation of going to the gate just to speak to them. "Are you there Daynton," cried they on seeing him, "where have you kept yourself? come out, my boy, we are
going

going to have rare fun; here's Aubrey, we must introduce you to our captain." "I can't open the gate," said Henry, "my father always keeps it locked." "Hang the lock," returned the eldest, "never mind that, get over the gate." "I don't think I must do that, besides my father told me not to go beyond the paling," said Henry: "what a coward," exclaimed the boys, "afraid to mount a little gate." "I am not afraid," replied Henry, "but I was ordered not to go farther than this." Here they all burst into a loud laugh. "Is this the boy of spirit you told me of?" said Aubrey, who had a gun in his hand, "a fine spirit truly, afraid to go beyond bounds because his papa will be angry with him; let me point this gun at him, and behold he'll run away and tell his Mama what we have done." To be laughed at, and called a coward, was more than Henry's pride could submit to, and he determined to lose that character, by jumping immediately over the gate. "That's a brave boy,"

said they ; “ come along with us ; we’ll shew you what true spirit is.” “ But, tell me, Aubrey,” continued one of the Belmonts, “ where did you get that gun.” “ Oh ! that was a clever trick of mine ;” answered he. “ I had seen it very often in your father’s dressing-room, and, thinking it would add greatly to our sport, I determined to have it ; yet I did not like to take it myself, as perhaps the old gentleman might be angry : so, what do you think I did ? I told William his master had given me leave to use it. He brought it me, without any suspicion, and now we’ll make use of it, I warrant ye !” said he, throwing it up in the air, and catching it again. “ That was a very cunning way,” returned Belmont, “ but ’tis my father’s best gun, and he sets a great value on it.” When, observing Aubrey frown, he added, “ He won’t miss it, I dare say ; and, after we have had a little fun with it, we’ll return it to it’s place, and no harm will be done.” “ Suppose we should injure it,”

it," said Henry, who could not conceal the astonishment he felt, on hearing Aubrey so boldly declare the lie he had told to get it into his power, "what will you do then? It will be found out." "What a little quiz this is," interrupted Aubrey, "I suppose he means to be our monitor; I won't admit him; let him go back; I dare say he thinks it very wrong to tell a *fib*; but pray what have I done? If Mr. Belmont does find it out, as he calls it, he'll say it is a boy's trick, and I shall be admir'd for my contrivance." Had Henry been really a boy of spirit, he would not have waited to have been sent back; but though he secretly reprov'd himself for going with them, he could not bear the idea of being laugh'd at for one, who had not the resolution to act as other boys did; he was too young to consider his courage would have been much more conspicuous in supporting that laugh, than in following where those mischievous boys (not to call them by a worse name) chose

to lead him. The Belmonts again vouch'd for his good behaviour, and enquired if they had any gun-powder. "I have a little," said Aubrey, "but I wish that stupid William could have found more; I am afraid it will not be as much as we shall want." They now reached the village, and passing through it to reconnoitre, as they termed it, they met an old woman, with something wrapped in a cloth in her hand. This poor creature, Aubrey singled out as a proper object of his mirth, for she was very lame, and appeared unable to defend herself. "I dare say this old woman has got some curiosity in that napkin," said he; "I have a great inclination to know; you shall see how cleverly I will do it." Henry was afraid after many rebukes which had been given him, to intercede for the poor woman; but he knew the people in the village called her crazy, and had often heard his mother speak of her with compassion. He staid behind with the Belmonts, while
Aubrey

Aubrey passing slowly by, twitched the napkin out of her hand, and a piece of cold meat, that she was carrying home for her supper, fell to the ground; which a dog running by at the time, caught up, and ran out of sight with it in a moment. The poor woman was too intent on picking her way to see him coming, and she almost fell down from the surprize it occasioned; when stretching out her hand to save herself, Aubrey threw the cloth across it, and ran laughing away. "What did you do that for," cried she; "I never did you any harm I am sure. Ah! I wish the time may not come, when you will want a supper, and then see how you'll like to be serv'd so." The Belmonts were highly delighted with this exploit, but Henry could not join in the commendations they bestowed on the performer of it. They now approached the next village without having met with any sport, except a bird or two, which Aubrey attempted to kill. Belmont soon perceived some
little

little girls sitting under the hedge by the road-side, who appeared very happy, having collected together several broken pieces of china, with which they were at play, *making believe* they were drinking tea; "it would be fine fun," said he, "to make these girls scamper; lend me the gun, Aubrey, and I'll frighten them; you stay here, and mind how they'll run." He then got into the field, and pointed the gun through the hedge; but not being very expert at drawing the trigger, he hurt his hand; and though the noise he made answered the purpose of alarming the children, and breaking up their happy party, he could not let his companions stay to observe their haste, being frightened himself at the accident; and in a hurried voice, called out, "what shall I do? Look at my hand; O Aubrey, Aubrey, come here!" "What's the matter now," said Aubrey, returning to him, "I hope you have not hurt the gun; if you have, you shall bear the blame, I can tell you;" and while he
was

was examining the weapon, Henry and the other Belmont were endeavouring to stop the blood, which flowed from the wound. "O come," continued Aubrey, "the gun is not hurt, and I don't care; I dare say you are not half so much wounded as you imagine; all cowards are soon frighten'd." This had the desired effect upon Belmont; it raised his pride and courage at the same time; and wrapping his handkerchief round it, he declared he did not fear it would be well by the time they got home." Henry began now to be quite disgusted with his companions, as well as tired of his walk, and thought it a good time to propose going home, without causing Aubrey's sneer, as they had met with this accident; "besides," added he, "it is getting late, and we may all be missed." "That's what you are afraid of, I know," said Aubrey; "you dread a whipping when you get home." "Not I indeed," answered Henry, with affected bravery; "I am not to be whipp'd

whipp'd neither, if I do stay a little beyond my time." "Not when you stray out of bounds," returned the other, laughing at this clever observation. Belmont, who, though he forbore to complain, was not in such good spirits as before, seconded the proposal, and the other complied. When they passed the village they at first went through, Henry, pointing to a cottage separated from the rest, said, "there lives the poor woman, who lost her supper to-night." "Is that her habitation," replied Aubrey, "I should like to see a little more of her; I dare say she is crying for the loss of her bone; let us go and peep in at the window." The poor creature hovering over a few wood-ashes, resting her head upon her hands, and her elbows on her knees, and did not observe all their faces at the little bit of the casement. "I should like to try the gun once more," said Aubrey, "to be certain it is not much injur'd; and he fired it through the window. This was more than Henry could have supposed him capable

pable of, and he exclaimed against it as the cruellest action he had ever known. L

“ Hold your silly tongue,” said Aubrey ;

“ I don’t want to be taught by you ; I tell you it can’t have hurt her ; only made the old lady jump a little.” The smoke was

too thick in the room to see through, but

the report of the gun had drawn all her

neighbours to their doors ; presently the

screams of the old woman were heard, and

they ran into the house to know what was

the matter. They found her fallen into

the fire, her face and hands much burnt,

and she had quite lost the little share of

sense she possessed ; all the people exclaimed

against such wickedness, and the boys ran

off, too much ashamed to wish to be

known ; even Aubrey acknowledged he

had carried the joke a little too far ; “ who

would have thought,” added he, “ the old

woman had been such a fool, but I dare say

she will be well to-morrow ; such people

have as many lives as a cat.” Henry was

too much hurt to make any answer, and

reaching

reaching the gate, which led to his father's house, he wished them good night, determining never to join in their parties of fun again; he trembled when he thought of home, and the reception he deserved to meet with; and earnestly did he wish he had had sufficient resolution to attend to the dictates of his own reason, rather than heed the foolish scoffing of his companions. Fatigued with the length of his walk; uneasy about the poor woman, (for he could not help attributing the state they had left her in to his having told them where she lived) with the fear of his father's anger, altogether rendered him miserable, and he reached the house almost without knowing where he was. "Oh, Master Henry!" said the servant, who opened the door, "is it you? I am glad you are come; Master and Mistress have been in such a fright about you." Henry sighed, and entered the parlour in silence. "Where have you been?" enquired Mr. Daynton, in a stern voice; but Henry distinctly

answered in so low a tone, that nothing but the name of Belmont could be heard distinctly. Juliania, pitying his distress, said, "he has been to Belmont, Papa; you must not be angry with him." "I am very much displeased," answered her father, "at his staying out so late; wherever he has been, he had not my permission; I ordered him not to go into the road." Henry now burst into tears, and Juliania could hardly restrain hers. "Go to bed, Sir," said Mr. Daynton; "and tomorrow morning I shall talk to you; as you seem ashamed of your conduct, I forbear to punish you at present;" and ringing the bell, he ordered a servant to attend him up stairs. Before he left the room, the poor boy ventured to look at his father and mother; but seeing both their faces turned from him, his tears flowed afresh. Anne and Juliania loved their brother too well to be comfortable while he appeared in so much trouble, and when the door was shut, intreated their father to forgive

P

him.

him. "Do pray, Papa," said they ; "you see how sorry he is ; let us call him down, and tell him you will pardon this first offence." "By no means," replied Mr. Daynton, "I must first know if he is really sorry ; these tears may be shed only from a dread of punishment, not a consciousness of error." While they were thus pleading for him, the servant re-entered and said, "Master Henry begs one of the young ladies will come to him." "I will go," said Juliania, and was hastening to the door, when her father called her back ; "Anne shall go," said he, "she has not so much false affection for him as you have, though she loves her brother as well as you ; she will not tell him he is not to blame." "No more should I, Papa," answered Juliania, returning to her chair. On the top of the stairs Anne met Henry, whom she had determined not to speak to, till she had heard what he had to say ; when observing his swelled eyes and contrite looks, she could not help kissing

him, and, leading him to his chamber, tenderly enquired where he had been.

"My dear sister," replied Henry, "I do not deserve you should speak so kindly, for I ought to find all of you angry with me; yet I do not wish to deceive; and I believe my father thinks, from what Juliana said, that I have been to Belmont, but indeed I did not say so; only tell him, that I did not mean to hide from him where I went. I said, I had been walking with the Belmonts; besides," added he, while his tears encreased as he said it, "if I had wish'd to conceal all the mischief we have been doing, I could not, for I dare say every body will know it to-morrow."

"You are sorry for it, I believe," answered Anne; "and I hope this will convince you, the Belmonts are very improper acquaintance for you; how far did you walk?" He named the village; and his sister finding he had had nothing to eat all the afternoon, after commending him for the confession he had made, and begging him

to hide nothing from his father the next morning, left the room to send him up a piece of bread. On returning to the parlour, she told her parents how afflicted he was; and though she feared it might increase her father's displeasure to hear whom he had been with, explained, the reason Henry had sent for her was to say, Juliania had mistook in supposing he had said he had been to Mrs. Graham's, it might be thought he wished to deceive."

This candour in his son's conduct lessened Mr. Daynton's anger, who said, "if any of my children commit a fault, I cannot long be displeased, unless they endeavour to hide it by a deception, which in every good man's opinion must make their transgression double." Mrs. Daynton was too affectionate a mother not to feel unhappy while Henry was in disgrace, and sent Anne once more to enquire of the servant if he was still crying; but hearing he had ate his bread, and appeared more composed, they concluded the evening with cheerfulness.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

“ And sure that Heaven my hopes shall bless,
 “ And make thee fam’d for virtues rare ;
 “ And happy too, if happiness
 “ Depends upon a father’s prayer.”

ARMINE AND ELVIRA.

THE next morning, Henry ashamed to come into his father’s presence by himself, entered the breakfast parlour behind his sisters ; neither Mr. or Mrs. Daynton spoke to him, or appeared to observe his entrance. Henry felt the difference in their conduct, but was sensible he deserved to be entirely overlooked ; he eat but little, and drank his milk and water in silence ; and on his father’s commanding him to give an account of the last afternoon, he determined to do it without extenuation. While he was relating part of their adventures, the

servant entered to tell his mistress, "one of the people in the village was come to beg something for poor Betty Green, who was very ill." "What is the matter with her?" asked Mrs. Daynton. "She fell into the fire last night, ma'am," answered the man, "and her face and hands are very much burnt." "Poor creature!" said she, "tell them I will come to see her, and desire the maid to send such things as are necessary for her directly." Henry hung down his head during this interruption, shewing evident marks of confusion; his eyes were still fixed on the carpet, when his father, as the servant left the room, said, "Go on with your story, sir."—Henry could not continue, but raising his face, wet with his tears, in a supplicatory manner, he implored forgiveness. "Pray, pray, my dear father, forgive me," said he, "it was I who made the poor woman ill, I am sure it was my fault, I told them where she lived; but I did not think they would have done so." He then, with a broken

broken voice and frequent sobs, repeated to his astonished hearers the cruel diversion of those wicked boys. "I could not have supposed," replied Mr. Daynton, "any one could have found entertainment in alarming an helpless old woman; you may have shortened her life; if not, you have certainly made the latter part of it miserable; she found difficulty enough in gaining a support before, and now that difficulty must be increased. I heartily wish those young gentlemen could feel for a little while what she does; they would then know, to add to the distresses of the poor, is a bad way of making sport. I am glad," continued he, "to see those tears; I am willing to hope you could not enjoy such an afternoon, and trust to your word, you will never spend such another." "O never, never, Papa!" replied Henry, "I regretted twenty times I had ever joined them." "And yet you were ashamed to leave them," observed his father; let that convince, if to commit an error courage

rage is requisite, it is exerting it still more to depart from it; and the satisfaction you would feel from reflecting it was displayed in a proper cause, would be a lasting reward." "But will you pardon this fault, my dear father?" repeated Henry, taking his extended hand, "I promise never to do so again." "On that condition," answered Mr. Daynton, "I will forget your error; yet you I hope never will. Let it be a warning to you." "Thank you, thank you, my good Papa!" said Henry; and with eyes swimming in tears, addressed his Mother with the same petition. "I cannot be much displeased," returned that affectionate parent, when my children confess they have behaved ill; and as your father overlooks your fault, I can think of it no more." Henry was now almost as much inclined to cry from gratitude, as he had before from contrition; and his sisters, who had been anxious spectators of his sorrow, joyfully congratulated him on the pardon he had obtained.

When

When leaving the room, he said, "One thing I must do before I can be reconciled to myself ; and he presently returned with two half-crowns, and six or seven shillings, all his stock of money, carrying it to his Mother, he begged her to give it the poor woman, "It is all I have," said he, "and if it was ten times more she ought to have it ; therefore if my father will be so good as to give her my week's allowance, the time she is ill ; I shall be more comfortable, and I deserve some punishment, tho' I can scarcely feel this as any." "It certainly is but justice to resign your money to her, whom you have deprived of the means of getting any ;" replied his father, secretly rejoicing in his son's generosity, "and I am pleased you think so ; had I not forgiven you before, I could not now withhold my approbation of your present conduct." Henry, reconciled to his parents and himself, was once more happy ; yet when his mother returned from her daily visits to the poor old woman, a blush
of

of sorrow would spread over his countenance, on recollecting he was the cause of them; and till Betty Green was well enough to get about, as she had formerly done, he expressed no wish for his pocket money; neither did his father think of offering it; though a trifle, he judged it proper Henry should be taught the propriety of contributing, as far as lay in his power, to the recovery of one he had so greatly injured. On that much desired event, Mr. Daynton paid his week's allowance as usual to his son, who received it with double pleasure, proudly conscious he deserved it. The Master Belmonts were not so much distressed by the catastrophe of their adventures, but they met with a severe reproof from their father, for taking his gun. When the wound the eldest had received was discovered, Mr. Belmont said, "it served him right," and it was a week before either of the boys were allowed to go out again.

The

The next time Henry met the Belmonts, he was walking with Mr. Walker and his sons, in whose society he owned himself much happier than with them; though their acquaintance was at first considered as a great honour by him, he had learnt from experience, (the best instructor) that true pleasure is only found in innocent amusements; and on seeing them, he determined to rouse his spirit, and not again feel afraid of being laughed at.—Aubrey was still with them, and on perceiving Henry a little way behind his companions, thus addressed him, “I am glad to see you once more, Daynton, I feared you were shut up in a dungeon, and fed upon bread and water, for being so wicked last week, not having seen you since; but when we do meet, we know how to enjoy ourselves, don’t we?” “I think not,” returned Henry, remembering how easily he had been prevailed on to do wrong the last time, he resolved to avoid a second invitation, rather than stay
to

to answer it ; and running to overtake Mr. Walker, he added, " I do not mean to have any more such fun, I assure you." The Belmonts and Aubrey, laughing heartily, joined in a loud shout, with which they upbraided " the cowardly fellow," as they called him, till he was out of hearing.

Many happy weeks passed in Mr. Daynton's family, yet Juliania was often unwell, nor did her mother perceive her health so quickly restored as she had fondly hoped. Dr. Wilmot, whose advice they always placed confidence in, still continued his friendly visits, and proposed to the anxious parents, their taking their daughter to the sea-side for a month or two, as the best means of re-establishing her health. They waited but for him to mention it, and without hesitation, determined to do as he said. Lodgings were soon procured at Bognor, a place much visited of late, on the Suffex coast ; and recommended as being quite open to the sea. The whole family

family were to go, and Juliania was quite delighted with this change, though she might have wished it was not on her account; she could scarcely regret an illness, which had afforded her so many proofs of her father's affection, and an early day was fixed for their journey. But before they set out, Mr. Daynton received a letter from his eldest son, from whom he had not heard a great while, and about whom he had lately been very uneasy, though he forbore to express it before his wife and daughters, knowing their anxiety would be even greater than his own. They were accustomed to delay, from receiving his letters very irregularly; and having heard many he had written were lost, they concluded such was again the case, rather than allow themselves to fear a worse event. My readers need not be told how greatly they rejoiced when this epistle was opened, and they were convinced it came from himself; but as their father read it aloud, and they heard the following welcome words, their

Q

joy

joy is not to be described: "With pleasure I hope I may add, in the course of two or three months I shall be in England; unless any contrary orders should arrive in the mean time; and I trust I shall meet you, my dear father, mother, sisters, and brother, in as perfect health as I at present enjoy:" and Mr. Daynton was obliged to lay down the letter till the clamour was over. They then begged that delightful sentence might be read again; but even that would not do, each must have the letter, and their own eyes must convince them there was no mistake in the agreeable intelligence. Henry, as was his constant method when particularly happy, jumped nearly over the table, "I wish the Walkers were not gone to school," said he, "how I should like to tell them this good news." "Do you suppose it would afford them as much pleasure as it does you?" asked Mr. Daynton, with an affectionate smile. "Not quite, to be sure," answered Henry, "but they would be pleased

pleased to hear I was so happy." "I must go and tell Miss Graham of it this evening, if you think I can walk so far;" interrupted Juliana, "what say you, sister, shall we go?" "Certainly," replied Anne, "it will be one part of our pleasure, to let all our friends know our expectations?" "And perhaps all we can feel till he comes," observed their mother, who participated in their happiness, yet checked their transports, by reminding them it might still be a long time before they could possibly see him; and you act," continued she, "as if your beloved William was to be here to-morrow." "Dear Mama," answered all at once, "Do you think we can be too happy?" "No," returned she, "I was willing you should not be too much mortified, should our hopes be disappointed; but go, my dear children," added she, observing a gloom spreading over their countenances at this idea, which before were so chearful, "go and enjoy the pleasing expectation, we will not anticipate

ticipate evil." Henry had left the room, eager to tell Sally and all the servants the joyful news, with sparkling eyes, calling them around him. "What do you think?" said he, "my brother William is coming home." "When? when Master Henry?" was the general enquiry; and this question made our young hero acknowledge to himself, what before his joy had not allowed him to reflect, that they had yet some weeks to wait for that pleasure; and in a less elevated voice he answered, "Why that is not quite certain, but the letter was dated more than a month back; and he says, perhaps in two months from that time; so he may be here in less than three weeks." "I wish he may," said they, equally delighted with the good-humour of Henry, and the welcome news he had brought. "But there will be no one to receive him," continued Sally, for you know we shall be all at the sea-side." "Upon my word that's true," replied Henry, "I must go and remind Papa of that

that circumstance, I dare say he has not thought of it." On entering the parlour, he found them talking on the same subject, "I think," said Mr. Daynton, "we must not let this event, which may after all be uncertain, prevent our taking proper care of Juliania; we can go to Bognor, and when we hear the fleet is coming in, contrive to meet him at Portsmouth. Do not you think this is a good scheme?" addressing his daughters, "O yes, Papa, a charming one!" answered both the girls, "Portsmouth is not half a day's journey from Chichester, which you know is very near Bognor, and we can be there the moment of his arrival." They were prevented their intended walk in the evening, by a visit from Mrs. and Miss Mason; "We are come to drink tea with you, in a sociable way, Ma'am, said the eldest of these ladies to Mrs. Daynton, "we heard you were going out of our neighbourhood, and neither my daughter or I, could bear that should be the case, without spending

one afternoon with you. Is it really true, Ma'am?" Mr. Daynton easily perceived this visit proceeded entirely from curiosity, and would have wished his wife not to satisfy it; but she knew not how to refuse the intelligence she saw them so anxious to gain, and said, "We are advised to try the sea-air for Juliania's health;" "Oh, then," interrupted Miss Mason, "you will go to Southampton, that will be delightful! you will meet your cousin there, for I think she told me she was going." "I believe we shall not go there," returned Juliania." "Dear, why not?" replied the silly girl, "it would be so pleasant to be where Mrs. and Miss Mordaunt are."—"How rude you are, Charlotte," said Mrs. Mason, "have not I often told you not to talk so, don't you hear Mrs. Daynton is speaking?" "Sure, Mama," answered her pert daughter, "I may speak to Juliania?" "We are going to Bognor," said Mrs. Daynton, endeavouring not to notice Mrs. Mason's rebuke. "La! where

is that, I have never heard of it; did you, Charlotte?" she enquired. "I think it is on the coast of Surrey," returned that young lady, "it is becoming very fashionable, several of my Aunt Mason's acquaintance were there last summer." It was plain by her answer, she knew nothing of what she was talking, though too proud to acknowledge her ignorance. Juliania could not forbear laughing, and exclaimed, "Dear, Miss Mason, don't you know Surrey is an inland county; Bognor is on the Sussex coast." "Suppose it is," answered she, reddening with anger, "people may mistake, I should imagine, without being laughed at; many confound those counties together, their names are so much alike." Mrs. Mason, when she found her daughter had made a mistake, thought it but right to give her a lecture, whether in company or not; and for the next half hour, entertained Mrs. Daynton with the faults of Charlotte, whom she assured her, had several masters, and would attend to
none;

none ; while Miss Mason sat swelling with indignation, at hearing this account of herself, and remained sullenly silent all the evening. After Mrs. Daynton had answered every enquiry her visitor chose to make, she was in hopes they would take their leave ; and when Mrs. Mason had satisfied her curiosity, she departed, happy to have it in her power to communicate the knowledge she had gained to the rest of her neighbours. As they walked home, her daughter told her, she thought her very ill-natured to say what she did of her, before the Dayntons ; “ You know those girls don’t like me,” said she, “ and I dare say they are rejoicing now, at what they may suppose my mortification ; but I think it was more to your disgrace than mine.” Mrs. Mason concluded it best not to answer this impertinent speech, and they reached home, mutually displeased with each other. When they were by themselves, Mrs. Daynton reproved Juliania, for laughing at Miss Mason’s ignorance ;

“ You

"You see," said she, "what disagreeable consequences ensued; you made her uncomfortable, and I am sure I was so, while hearing of her faults; to me such subjects are very unpleasant, and I should hope you found no pleasure in the recital."

"No, indeed, Mama," answered Juliania.

"Yet I don't see that it arose from my sister's laughing," interrupted Anne, "for to be sure, Mrs. Mason must have known her daughter was in the wrong, had not Juliania discovered it." "I believe not,"

replied Mrs. Daynton, "she is quite as ignorant herself; but good manners ought to prevent our letting them see we think so." "I am sorry I did it," said Juliania,

"and I am punished for it; I wanted to make her talk of the Miss Belmonts again, but she would not speak a word afterwards." "If you acknowledge you acted

wrong," continued her mother, "I hope you will beware of doing the same another time, it is what you are very apt to do; but we have had sufficient conversation

of

of faults this evening, to put us upon our guard a great while, I will read you something if you like, what shall it be?"—"Any thing you please, Mama," answered Juliania.

CHAP. XI.

"Fate still has blest'd me with a friend,
"In every care and ill,
"And oft a more endearing band,
"A tie more tender still."

BURN.

THE next afternoon, Ann and Juliania went to take leave of Miss Graham; this amiable girl expressed the most earnest wishes the change might be of service to her friend. "Though I shall regret your absence, said she, "if you come home quite

quite well, my dear Juliania, we shall all have reason to rejoice;" and when they told her it was probable their brother might return with them, she partook of the pleasure this expectation afforded them. "You will see a great deal," continued she; "let me beg one of you to keep a journal; it will be such an amusement in some of our long winter evenings." "Nothing that I can write will answer that purpose, I am sure," replied Juliania; "but I hope my sister will do as you desire, for she is very fond of writing; what few journeys she has taken, she has written an account of, and you cannot think how entertaining they are." "O fie, Juliania!" interrupted Anne, "if I did not know Maria is well convinc'd of your partiality for me, I should be asham'd to hear you say so." "Dear sister, why so? I am sure we have often been amused with them," resumed Juliania; "I dare say we shall go to Chichester, where there are many things worth

worth notice; and if we should meet my brother at Portsmouth, as Papa talks of, I am sure you will find enough to write of; how delightful that will be. I wish you could be of the party, my dear Maria," added she. "I should like it very much," answered her friend; "but as that cannot be, I hope Anne will not deny me the only share I can have in your excursion; she must let me see a long account of it." After tea, as Mrs. Graham offered to send them home, Juliania was allowed to walk quite round the garden. Their conversation was entirely of the journey they were soon to take, and Miss Graham would not let Anne return to the house, till she had promised her to keep a journal. "I must read it," said she, "as soon as you come home; I shall be impatient to hear you talk of places, without being myself a little acquainted with them; but, as I said before, it will be a charming thing for a winter's evening; and if your bro-

ther should remain among us till that time, he may recount to us,

“ The horrors of the gloomy main;”—Or,

“ When the beating billows round him roar’d.”

“ I could make the same remark on you, my dear,” interrupted Anne with a smile; “ you once observed of your Mama, of her being grown poetical. Is it in the air, or within the walls of Belmont, that this taste is form’d? I have often thought its appearance calculated to raise ideas of chivalry, and had you been a boy, I should have expected ere this, to have seen you sallying forth in complete armour to succour distress’d damsels.” “ I am determin’d,” answered Miss Graham, “ you shall visit every room, before you leave this old mansion, that if the genius of poetry is to be found in any, you shall also feel its influence. I do not think you want much encouragement, and were I to ask you, am almost certain you could repeat more verses than I can.” “ We will

R

not

not just now have a trial of skill," replied Anne; "it will be a better time to prove the strength of our memory in some of the long winter evenings you are anticipating." "Before we quit this subject," said Juliana, "I must shew you it is not quite uninteresting to me; I have no notion of not bearing a part. I will also talk of winter, you shall hear a very pretty description of it; nay, don't start! it is not more than a dozen lines, and I am in great hopes I shall puzzle you." "How conceited!" returned Anne, with good humour: "pray try us?" Juliana then repeated the following lines:

"Thus, when white winter o'er the shivering clime,
"Drives the still snow, or showers the silver rime;
"As the lone shepherd, o'er the dazzling rocks,
"Prints his steep steps, and guides his vagrant
flocks;
"Views the green holly, veil'd in net-work nice,
"Her vermil clusters twinkling in the ice,
"Admires the lucid vales and slumb'ring floods,
"Fantastic cataracts and crystal woods,
"Transparent

“ Transparent towns, with seas of milk between ;
 “ And eyes with transport the refulgent scene :
 “ If breaks the sun-shine o’er the spangl’d trees,
 “ Or flits, on tepid wing, the western breeze,
 “ In liquid dews, descends the transient glare,
 “ And all the glittering pageant melts in air !”

DARWIN.

“ Now, can you say from what poem I took them,” cried she, with exultation. “ I should think from Phillips’ Letter from Copenhagen,” returned Miss Graham ; “ but though it is the same idea, they are not the same words ; can you tell Anne ?” “ No, indeed,” replied she, “ but they are very pretty ; you did not compose them yourself, did you Juliania ?” Her sister laughed heartily at this question, and was highly gratified by their perplexity. “ If they were my own production,” said she, “ I should be vain enough to think, the genius of poetry you mentioned resided at Mayfield, rather than at Belmont. “ Upon my word,” replied Anne ; “ yet I cannot think where you

met with these lines ; I thought you had never read a book I had not read too." " You find you are mistaken," continued Julia-
ania, " and if you will both confess you are not so very well versed in poetical works, as you were inclined to hope, I don't know whether I will not condescend to tell you the book, and, what is more to the purpose, procure you a sight of it." They each acknowledged their acquaintance with the poets was not so general as they had imagined, allowing, she knew at least one more than themselves. Julia-
nia then told them she had seen the lines in Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden, " a poem," added she, " my father has lately bought ; I saw it this morning for the first time, and was so pleased with the description of winter, that I learnt it in less than a quarter of an hour ; this is the whole of my story, and no doubt you will soon be as wise as myself." Before they parted, Miss Graham promised to write to them,
and

and tell them all the events of Belmont and Mayfield.

In a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Daynton, with their three children, set off in a post-coach for Bognor, a footman on horseback, and Sally was to join them in the evening, having been sent before by the stages. All the party were in high spirits, the elder ones from their hopes, that the end for which they undertook this journey might be answered; and the young, delighted as they thought of how many places they were likely to see. "We shall go to Chichester and Portsmouth," said Henry; "how happy we shall be; and if you do but get well, sister," continued he. "I must recover my health where I am going," said Juliania; "there is nothing better than the sea air; I hope I shall not behave foolishly about getting into the water." "That's a thing, to be sure, I should not much like," replied her brother; "but no doubt *you* will do every thing Mama and Papa wishes." "And

will not you, Henry," asked Mr. Daynton. "Yes, Sir, but you will not wish me to bathe?" returned he trembling, lest he should be answered in the affirmative. "Why not," returned his father; "if you think you shall not like it, I am sorry you came, for I intend you shall go into the water every day; I shall myself, and it will be of service to us both." "And shall I go with you, Papa?" enquired Henry in a fearful tone. "If you behave properly," answered Mr. Daynton; "if not, you must be carried in by a man, who will dip you over head and ears. "I will not be a baby," said Henry, "if I can help it, but I think I shall be very much afraid; I shan't go in to-morrow, shall I, Papa?" "Not so soon as that," replied his father; "you shall look at the water first."

The conversation was now interrupted by their stopping to change horses. Nothing particular happened during the journey, and they arrived at Bognor while it was

was still light enough to see the water, which looked beautifully, for it was then high tide; and Anne could not have refused her father's invitation to revisit it that evening, had not she considered Juliania would be mortified she could not do the same; but Henry was happy to accompany him, and on taking a nearer view of the water, confessed he saw nothing alarming in its appearance; "but how it may feel," continued he, shuddering as he spoke, "I fear not very pleasant." In a short time the young folk were perfectly reconciled to bathing, as they daily saw many, who expressed rather pleasure than fear at going into the water. Mrs. Daynton and her children often walked on the sands, where they frequently met different parties; but wishing to be quite retired, she made no acquaintance with any. When the weather was fine, nothing gave them more pleasure than a row on the water, of which they were all very fond; Juliania every day found herself better, and anticipated

anticipated the time when she should be able to join her elder brother in his walks, if he should be at home.

As they were out one morning before breakfast, they seated themselves on a log of wood by the water-side, and were conversing on the element before them, when the servant brought Mr. Daynton a letter, which he opened with eagerness, perceiving it was his own son's writings, and read with pleasure his ship was then at Spit-head. "We must prepare for Portsmouth immediately," said he, hastily rising; "William may be there by this time; read that letter," added he, throwing it amongst them; "I shall order a carriage, and set off directly." "Will you not take us, Papa?" asked Henry. "If you can be ready as soon as the horses are; do you suppose I can wait for any one?" replied Mr. Daynton. "For us, Papa," answered Juliana, as they hurried to their lodgings; and after taking an hasty breakfast, they were in the carriage by ten o'clock. When they arrived at
Portsmouth,

Portsmouth, they had the satisfaction of hearing the ship was in the harbour. Mr. Daynton hurried to the water-side, and soon had the pleasure of seeing his beloved and long-expected son come on shore. He brought him with joy to the inn, where he had left his family, and as they walked up the street, could not wholly suppress the pleasure he felt at again beholding him. Henry, who was watching his father's return, as soon as he perceived them, gave notice of their approach by saying, "here is Papa coming and somebody with him, but it cannot be my brother, for it is a man taller than himself; I am afraid we shall be disappointed after all." His mother and sisters ran to the window, hoping to find Henry deceived; none but Mrs. Daynton knew him. "Yes," she exclaimed, "it is him! my dear William!" "How he is grown!" "How well he looks!" "Why don't they walk faster?" was repeated every minute till they entered the room. William found
all

all his family so eager to welcome him, that he knew not whom to speak to; after he had first addressed his mother, the only one he perfectly recollected, and though, in the six years he had been absent, he expected to find his sisters altered, he mistook one for the other, and speaking to Juliania, called her Anne. "I am Juliania, brother," said the happy girl;" "don't you know me?" "and I am Anne," interrupted her sister; "are we both so changed you cannot remember us?" William allowed their faces were much the same; "but I left you children," said he, "and I find you almost women." "You don't consider you are quite a man yourself," observed his father. "So he is indeed, Papa," said Henry, who had been impatiently waiting his notice; "I believe he does not see me, or don't think it worth while to speak to such a little fellow; however, I am very glad you are all so happy to see him, and I am sure I rejoiced very much when I heard he was coming!"

coming!" "Is that the little boy I left in petticoats?" exclaimed his brother, overhearing part of Henry's complaint; "my dear Henry, how do you do?" giving him his hand; "you are more grown even than your sisters, quite out of knowledge; you are my only brother, to be sure I shall be glad to see you." "Are you," returned Henry, his face brightening as he heard it; "I thought you would not speak to me." "My dear fellow," replied William, "how could you imagine such a thing? In a little time, I hope, we shall be better acquainted; and you shall be convinced I have the same affection for you as the rest of the family." "Thank you, brother," said Henry, delighted with his kindness; "and shall I walk with you, when we are at Mayfield?" "Certainly," returned he; "I shall be very proud of your company." "I shall have more reason to be proud," answered Henry, "to have such a great brother to walk with; how pleasant it is to say, brother,"

added he, "I hardly knew I had one before." "And now your sisters are nobody, I suppose," said Anne, smiling. "You are not quite such rarities to Henry," replied William; "but to me you are. What shall I call you? Ladies of great consequence?" "Oh, no!" cried Juliana, "call us your dear sisters, as you used to do." The next day William could spend but little time with this happy party, or even for an hour accompany them to the Dock-yard, where his father was very desirous of taking them.

On finding it would be uncertain whether William might be allowed to return with them to Bognor, were they to stay two or three days longer for him, Mr. Daynton thought it best to give up the expectation and go without him, especially as their time grew short, and Mrs. Daynton wished her daughters to continue bathing as long as they could; their return was therefore fixed for the next morning. The young people, accustomed to conform

form to what their parents thought proper, did not object, though they could not much approve of the plan, and begged their brother to be as quick in following them as possible. "We shall be there a fortnight longer," said Juliania, "do you think you shall be able to join us in that time?" "I hope long before that," replied William, "in a week at farthest." With this hope, they left Portsmouth in tolerable spirits, and their father, to shew he was pleased with their cheerful compliance, offered to stay some hours in Chichester, that they might see every thing worthy of observation in that city. They were much gratified by visiting the cathedral, in which there are many handsome monuments. On their arrival at Bognor, Anne wrote an account of each in her journal, and she did not forget to mention that of Collins, the poet, with particular satisfaction. They walked the streets till Mrs. Daynton feared Juliania would be fatigued, and, after dining at the principal

inn, they returned to Bognor. Poor Sally was visibly disappointed when she saw them enter the house without any addition to their party, yet she suppressed her curiosity till she attended the young ladies to their chamber, and then eagerly enquired for Mr. William. "I thought he was to come with you, Miss," said she; "I do want to see him so." Anne explained his absence, and they all united in wishing it might not be long. Henry could talk of nothing but his brother. "I wish we had not come away, Papa," said he; when seeing his father look displeased, he added, "yet I don't, because it is for Juliania's benefit; we won't talk of him: Papa, will you be so good as to read something to us that will put him out of our thoughts." "And why should you wish to do that?" asked Mr. Daynton; "we may certainly think of him with pleasure, and that we shall soon see him again, but to consider only our own gratification is not right; you look grave, my dear Juliania;" continued he;

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS. 195

he; "the fatigue of yesterday was too much for you, I fear." "No, indeed, Papa," answered she, "but I feel it was on my account you left my brother, and I cannot bear you should give up every pleasure for my health." "You must not think so," returned her father; "believe me it was more to save my pocket; you don't know what an expence living at an inn at Portsmouth is. I assure you, I should not have had money enough to carry us home, if I had continued there much longer, therefore, my dear, clear up your countenance," continued he, "and I will read something to amuse you: it is an account of a fair."

THE FAIR.

The happy morning comes, long-wish'd, and big
With anxious hope; each circling village soon
Pours forth its blithe inhabitants, to town
With trippant step they haste, Simon and Nell,
Betty and Dick, in Sundays' liveries spruce.
Ere yet arrived, the noisy drum proclaims

The fair began. "Walk this way, gentlemen,
"And see my curious shew of animals,
"So rare, from distant India brought,
"And burning Afric's desolated coast."
"A royal exhibition this, the king
"And queen, in fairest wax-work, each as large
"As life, and all for twopence, gentlemen."
Perplex'd in choice, the rural people stand,
In awful doubt, and know not what to do.
On this side, courting observation, stands
Sir Ambrose, Puppet-keeper long since
Of Punchinello and his puny train.
Here known to Fame, displays his magic art,
The man of wonders: at his word, untouch'd,
Th' obedient money flies from hand to hand.
Think on a card, Sir, if you please; — "Heigh,
pass!
" 'Tis gone." He breaks the egg, and shews it
there!
Loud echoing shouts, proclaim the master's skill,
And wonder-wide distorts the gaping crowd.
Pleas'd, Simon grins, but, in his fasten'd sob,
Secures his purse, and trembles while he laughs.
The breaking ranks retire, as forward comes
The jolly serjeant: in his hand he bears
The brighten'd sword, that glitters in the sun,

And

THE AFFECTIONATE SISTERS. 197.

And calls a martial train to feats of arms.

“ Who’s for his king and country? who so bold

“ That dares stand forward in a noble cause,

“ And vindicate the rights of liberty?

“ Ye sons of Albion, first where honour calls

“ To march for glory, join Britannia’s bands ;

“ Crush the proud spirit of exulting France ;

“ And shew how much you prize the charms of
Freedom.”

With sudden courage fir’d, (the offspring not of
Mars

But Bacchus,) Dick becomes a raw recruit, and
struts

A Lord in smart cockade. —

Next morn, when sober reason takes her stand,

Wistful he sighs, and curses his sad fate!

Here, Andrew, in his party-colour’d vest

And rude grimace, performs his merry pranks,

Shews the bright tankard, tea kettle, and watch,

While, with grave phiz and wig of formal cut,

The doctor puffs the virtue of his salve

For tender corns. Lo! now incessant fly,

O’er the rais’d stage, their speckl’d handkerchiefs ;

The glittering prize invites. Betty resolves

To sport her crooked shilling, (long preserv’d

In purse or nutmeg-grater,) sure to win,

If gypsies whisper right. Luckless maiden! nought

Wins she, but salves to plaister o'er her loss!
'There in gay order rises full to view
The splendid toy-shop, presents of all sorts
For little miss and master of all size;
For masters fond of shew, a gilded coach;
For the bold foldier, who delights in arms,
A general on horseback; for the youth
Who loves his book, a horn'd alphabet.
Now flies, in hasty orb, the whirling coach,
And horse alternate, "Ha'penny for ten rounds!"
"Pray, take a ride, Miss; quiet is your steed,
"And gentle." Her soft heart embolden'd thus,
She mounts and swims in air, the mazy round,
Then, sad disaster! from the giddy height,
Disorder'd falls, and sprawling grasps the ground!
Let not ambition mock the dire disgrace;
Nay, laugh not, ye tall babes, what more do ye
Than daily ride your favourite hobby-horse,
And build your fleeting castles in the air,
Then fall like Cæsar, Pompey, Wolfey, Charles?

T. S.

C H A P. XII.

“ Meanwhile returning to our native hearth,
 “ How keen the pleasure that our grief repays,
 “ When drinking ev’ry gale from kindred earth,
 “ As redolent of youth’s refreshing days;
 “ Fancy the wonders of her art displays,
 “ And o’er each object we in fancy mourn’d,
 “ Shedding the richness of her fairy rays,
 “ Bids e’en the little hedge-row that we scorn’d,
 “ Rise in a mellow light, by some new tint
 adorn’d.”

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

IT was not long before their brother
 joined this happy party, and his presence
 made them completely so; he seemed to
 have come home with the determination,
 nothing should happen unpleasant where
 he was; for if a trifling cause for vexation
 appeared, he would turn it off with a
 laugh;

laugh; and could he make others smile, William was contented. One afternoon they could not have the boat when they wished, but William endeavoured to prevent their thinking it a disappointment; "I see you do not mind it," said he, "if we cannot have our row this evening, we shall on some other." Henry, who possessed not quite so much philosophy, found a greater difficulty in giving up what he expected so much pleasure from; and could not agree with his brother in thinking it no cause for trouble. "I suppose," replied he, "having been so long on the water, you think nothing of going out in a boat; but you don't consider, that when we leave Bognor, very likely my sisters and I may never have another opportunity of going." William could not help laughing at this affecting lamentation; "My dear boy," said he, "I can tell you there is nothing more different from an open boat, than being shut up in a man of war, with seven or eight hundred men; but
what

what signified complaining? Yet, if you like it better, let us sit down," continued he, "and add our lamentations together, oh, how I wish we could have had the boat to day." "It is such a fine afternoon," returned Henry, not supposing his brother was joking with him. "What a cross man he is, I dare say he does not want it himself." "No doubt he would go without the three or four shillings we should have given him, merely to vex us, because he knew we wanted the boat," said William. "Dear brother, you do not think so," replied Henry, with surprise, "why you know he gets his living by letting it out; and we have done no harm to it that I can remember." "Then we must not blame the man," answered William, "his boat must be otherwise employed; and if any body is to be blamed in a matter of such little consequence, it must be ourselves, for not bespeaking it in time." "But there are other boats," said Henry, unwilling to give up the point; "and

“ and other parties,” returned his brother, “ who may be still more childish than we are, and could not bear the disappointment better.” “ We will not say any more about it,” said Henry, who when he heard the word childish, fearing it might be applied to himself, whatever he thought, determined to make no more complainings.

The remainder of the time spent at Bognor, passed delightfully ; Juliania appeared quite well, and her parents thought they could not be too grateful to Doctor Wilmot, for sending her there. “ You will now, I hope, Mama, acknowledge I am recovered,” said she, “ see what a colour I have ; and strength sufficient to walk eight or ten miles, I do think ; yet do not fear I shall attempt any such thing, I have too long felt the inconvenience of being ill, to run so great a risk ; but my dear father and mother must not object to my walking with my brother, when we get home,” continued she, “ he is too careful,

ful, to let me go farther than is proper, or even as far as I wish." "My beloved child," said Mr. Daynton, affectionately kissing her, "while you appear so well, and look so happy, we can deny you nothing"—"That is not absolutely improper for her," added her delighted mother.

They were now preparing to leave the place; William, though more desirous of getting home than any one of the family, never mentioned his impatience, lest he should remove his sister from a situation, in which she had found so much benefit. As he was walking with Henry on the beach, the last evening, they were talking of music. "Did you ever go to a concert?" said William. "I go to a concert!" replied Henry, "dear me! no; I don't think even Juliania has been to one: at Mayfield we can have none but those we make ourselves; and I believe my voice is the chief thing heard there," added he. "Well," said William, if you can answer me two questions, I think I shall
be

be able to procure you permission to go to a better than those you mention ; there are concerts at Chichester, and one to-morrow evening ; to which, if I request it, I think my father will allow us to go." " O thank you, my dear brother !" exclaimed Henry, capering for joy. " But what are the questions ? I hope I shall be able to answer them ; pray don't let them be difficult." " In the first place," said William, " can you tell me what that part of the sea we are now walking by, is called ?" " Is that all," replied Henry, with visible satisfaction, " the British Channel, to be sure." " And were our eyes good enough to view the opposite coast," continued his brother, " what kingdom should we view ?" " France," answered Henry, " I have not learnt so much of geography, without knowing that ; and now we shall go to the concert, shan't we ? let us ask Papa directly, but I hope Juliania may go too ?" " You are a good boy to think of that," returned William, " and I dare say love her

her too well, to enjoy a pleasure she cannot partake ; therefore we will not mention our wish of going, if we find she must not accompany us." It required some resolution in Henry, to consent to this proposal ; yet his affection for his sister was so strong, that when William reminded him of the mortification it would be to Juliania, could she not go, he promised, should it be improper for her, he would give it up without a murmur. As it happened, his forbearance was not put to the trial ; for William no sooner mentioned it, than it was approved by the whole party, as their sister was now so well it could not hurt her ; and she thanked her brother a thousand times for procuring her so great a pleasure. The next morning they took their last walk on the sands ; and Juliania, though she rejoiced in the idea of returning to Mayfield, could not leave Bognor without a little regret ; " Farewell, dear sea !" said she, affectingly, " I hope never to forget the benefit I have found

T

from

from you; though the cause of destruction to many, to me you have restored the greatest blessing." She expressed no more, yet her heart was full of gratitude to that Divine Power, who had pre-ordained such efficacy in the means used for her recovery; without his assisting will, she was sensible no benefit could have been derived; and to him her secret thanks were offered.— They dined at Chichester that day, and thought of nothing but the concert in the evening; no one was more impatient till the hour they were to go, or more pleased with the performance, than our heroine; they each regretted when it was finished, and after returning to the inn, could have set up the whole night to talk of it, were they not reminded it would be necessary to rise early the next morning, that they might pursue their journey. "The neighbourhood will scarcely know me again," said Juliania, when seated in the carriage, "Yet I flatter myself, they will all be pleased at the change." "Don't flatter yourself

yourself at all, sister," answered William, with a chearful air, "Remember I am a still greater stranger than yourself; I'll bet you what you like," added he, "no one will notice you, when they see me. Is Farmer Baker still alive? How he will shake hands with me; and old Woodley, and Chalton, and twenty others, are they all living?" As they drew near the end of their journey, the eyes of all were turned to the window, each desirous of catching the first glance; and when the village steeple appeared amongst the trees, a general shout of joy burst from every mouth; soon they saw the turrets of Belmont Castle, and Juliania would have persuaded herself she saw her beloved friend on the top of one of them, looking out for their arrival, had not her attention been quickly drawn from that object to a still dearer one, the white chimnies of Mayfield. "There's our happy home!" exclaimed Henry, and the whole party rejoiced to acknowledge it such. As they

drove to the house, all the servants left in it ran out to meet them ; and Miss Graham, who could not be kept at home when she knew they were expected, was the first to open the carriage door. " I am happy you are come," said she, " you cannot think how dull I have been without you." But when they were once more in the parlour, and she beheld the amended looks of her friend, tears of pleasure rolled down her cheeks. " Indeed, I am glad you are here," resumed she, " but I don't know what is the matter with me," wiping her eyes, it must be seeing you look so well, my dear Juliania, I am overcome with joy, I believe." Mr. Daynton and William presently joined them, and Miss Graham soon recognised her old play-fellow in the young man before her. All the poor people who had seen the carriage, spread the welcome news of their arrival through the village ; and the next day there was not a person in it, William and his sisters had not visited. Miss Graham returned
in

in the morning to Mayfield, with her mother; and neither Mrs. Daynton or her daughters, could allow them to go home before the evening. William soon after received a letter which confirmed his leave of absence for some months, and this greatly added to their happiness. Juliania continued quite well, and in a few years had the pleasure of calling Miss Graham by the endearing name of sister; as William, to the satisfaction of all their relations, made her his wife. Henry was sent for from school, to partake of the festivity incident to the event, where he had been placed at a proper age; and Mr. and Mrs. Daynton lived long enough to see him in a situation the most desirable.

THE END.

Printed by J. Crowder, Warwick-Square, London.

Of T. HURST may be had,

WRITTEN BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

Price One Shilling and Six-pence,

THE HAPPY FAMILY

AT

EASON HOUSE,

23 JY60

EXHIBITED IN THE AMIABLE CONDUCT OF

THE LITTLE NELSONS AND THEIR
PARENTS,

INTERSPERSED WITH

SELECT PIECES OF POETRY.

* * * The Reviewers speak of this little Work in the
highest Terms of Approbation.

ALSO,
THE
YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S AND LADY'S
MAGAZINE;

OR,
REPOSITORY OF KNOWLEDGE, IN-
STRUCTION, AND AMUSEMENT.

Intended to open the tender Mind to an Acquaintance with Life, Morals, and Science, the Works of Nature and of Art, and to serve as an useful Auxiliary to public and private Tuition.

Two Vols. Price in Boards 13s. Half bound 14s.
Calf gilt 15s.

N. B. This Work is embellished with a Variety of coloured Plates of Flowers, Birds and Beasts. Also Maps of several Counties, and one general Map of England and Wales; and a Plate representing the Short-Hand Alphabet according to the System of Dr. Mavor.

The Reviewers speak of this Work as follows:

"This is a very agreeable and well arranged Miscellany, to which we heartily wish success. Indeed the Volumes, as intended for the benefit and Amusement of young persons, are *unexceptionably good*. It is remarkably well and correctly printed, which, in a work professedly produced for youth, is a circumstance of no trifling importance. The idea of giving opinions on publications intended for juvenile readers, or for schools, is useful and well executed."

BRITISH CRITIC, October 1799.

2. MEMOIRS of DICK, the LITTLE PONEY, supposed to be written by himself, and published for the Amusement of all good Boys and Girls.—Price 2s.

3. COBWEBS TO CATCH FLIES, in French, 2 vols. in one.—Price 1s. 6d.

Shortly will be published,

THE BOOK-CASE of KNOWLEDGE; or
LIBRARY for YOUTH.